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KASHMIRI LYRICS

KASHMIRI LYRICS

SELECTED AND TRANSLATED

By **J. L. KAUL**

FOREWORD

By **Dr. Amaranatha Jha, M. A., D. Lit.**

PUBLISHED BY

R I N E M I S R A Y

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To
Lal Dēd,
Haba Khotūn,
Arnimal, and
numerous other Kashmiri
poets, singers, and lovers of song.

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PREFACE

In 1930-31 I went again to the University of Allahabad for a sort of a voluntary refresher course. Professor S. G. Dunn (now retired) was still the Head of the English Department and Professors Amaranatha Jha and S. C. Deb were there too. I selected a subject for my thesis in Ph. D. viz., *Bourgeois Element in British Drama*; and with the help and guidance I received from these eminent teachers I could, from the outset, proceed on the right track, without any loss of time inevitable, otherwise, in a large library on a subject of English Literature. Soon, however, I came to realize that there was not sufficient material to work at the thesis; and the libraries of the Universities of Lucknow and Benares and the Imperial Library of Calcutta could afford little help. After the spurt of hard work I had put in with the gusto of young ambition I felt disappointed.

It was at this moment that Professors Dunn and Jha suggested to me that, even in preference to a Ph. D. thesis, I might do a bit of useful work on a subject connected with my own native province and discover something of value. Sometime after Professor Devendra Satyarthi came to Kashmir on his folk-lore hunt and said to me, "Why don't

you take up this work here?" This casual remark confirmed me in the choice of the subject.

I am grateful to Dr. Amaranatha Jha, D. Lit., Vice-Chancellor of the University of Allahabad, for writing the foreword; and I am happy that I have received this recognition from the Vice-Chancellor of my *Alma Mater* for having, in a very humble measure, tried to give back something for what I received from her years ago.

Thanks and acknowledgements are also due to the following: To Dr. Siddeshwar Varma, D. Lit., our eminent linguist and phonetician, who approved the diacritical marks used in the Roman transliteration of the original Kashmiri; to Mr. N. L. Kitroo, Mr P. N. Pushp, Mr S. L. Dar, Mr G. Mohy-id-Din, who made valuable suggestions; to Pandit Sat Lal Kaul, who introduced me to several of these poems; to Mr G. A. Mahjur, Mr A. A. Azad, Mirza G. H. Beg, Mr N. L. Ambardar, Pandit Daya Ram Gonju, Pandit Zinda Kaul, and Messrs Ali Mohd. and Sons, Publishers and Booksellers, for permission to print their poems.

J. L. K.

FOREWORD

More than thirty years ago my teacher and my predecessor in the professorial chair at the Allahabad University, Professor Dunn, wrote a paper which made a deep impression on me. He described a tour in the Sind Valley and referred to the bearded coolies, tall muscular men, with dark eyes and close-set eyebrows, prominent cheek bones and broad foreheads, divided from the rest of the world by a circle of snow mountains, preserving, untouched by modernity, the traditions and the sympathies of their Dard ancestors. He wrote:

“On this occasion, the labours we had shared together, or to put the case more materially, the distribution of some tea and cigarettes, opened their hearts, and soon we had them singing the old songs of their secluded valley, the songs of the long winter when no work can be done, and the songs of the march which make the load seem lighter. There is a peculiar fascination in all such singing; we seem to come nearer, as we listen, to the simple things of earth; the artificial needs and desires, which modern life presses upon us, lose their hold upon our minds, and the rugged voices underneath the stars awaken in us echoes of our primitive home, and touch us with the sense of fellowship throughout the ages.....I kept them singing far into the cold night, till the fire had died down and the wind from the glaciers sent us to the shelter of tent

and bed. I wish I could reproduce the strange cadence of their voices, as one after another took up the refrain; I wish I could recreate the mood in which one listened; but since these things are impossible, I will try to give, imperfectly as it must be, the substance and the spirit of some of their songs”.

He then went on to render into English four songs, entitled “The Song of the Coolies”, “The Song of the Bulbul”, “The Dreamer”, and “The Lover”. Each of them has a distinctive flavour and each tells not merely of familiar matter of today, but of eternal verities glimpsed through rugged experience of life. Each enshrines the heart’s longing both for things of this earthly abode and of the life hereafter. This is “The Song of the Coolies”:

O you cooli folk! it is time to be stirring.

The wind of the dawn blows cold, and the stars
are yet in the sky. But the journey before us
is long, and the loads are heavy.

O you cooli folk! it is time to be stirring.

Come, let us sing as we go, for the birds are
singing too. They also have their time for travel.
When we have made our stage we will light a
fire of sticks, and then we shall have joy of our
food. Our journeying will be over for the day.
Oh! that will be pleasant! But, men and birds—
we must all be moving.

O you cooli folk! it is time to be stirring.

For our life on this earth is just coming and going.
We cannot stay anywhere for long. Even Rajahs
are just like us, coming and going. We have a
long march to make, and now we must be off.
It is no good staying at home. A man's home
is his heart, but he who goeth out of his own
heart, may, perchance, find God upon his journey.
O you cooli folk ! it is time to be stirring.



These songs, even in translation, made a great impression. Anonymous singers singing poems composed by anonymous poets, melody soaring to the eternal moonlit snow and flooding the wooded valley; and one wished to have a larger collection of these old and antique strains which knit mankind into one.

Some years later, Grierson and Barnett published an edition of "*Lallavakyani*, the Wise Sayings of Lal Ded, a mystic poetess of ancient Kashmir". This was followed, four years later, in 1924, by "The Word of Lalla the Prophetess," done into English verse by Sir Richard Temple. This is a valuable publication, containing, as it does, an elaborate discussion of the theory and doctrine of Lalla's religion. These sayings are popular, but they have in them the wisdom and the philosophy enshrined in the popular poems of Kabir and Chandidas and Tukaram. Here is a poem which expresses the view that duty should be done because it is duty

and not for the sake of the fruits thereof :

“ Whatsoever thing I do of toil,
 Burdens of completion on me lie ;
Yet into another falls the spoil
 And gains he the fruit thereof, not I.
Yet if I toil with no thought of self,
 All my words before the Self I lay :
Setting faith and duty before self,
 Well for me shall be the onward way.”

These publications further promised a rich store of poetry and gnostic literature. When, therefore, a senior scholar from Kashmir came to Allahabad for advanced work and was not able, for want of material, to proceed with research on the subject he had chosen, it seemed an admirable opportunity to suggest to him that his genuine devotion to literature and his understanding and appreciation of its finer graces should be diverted to a field which had not been explored and which only a native of Kashmir could satisfactorily investigate. Principal Jai Lal Kaul agreed to do this, and he has, in spite of hard academic and administrative duties, produced this valuable collection of Kashmiri lyrics. One surprising feature of these songs is their lyric quality which is revealed even in the texture of prose translations. Most of them deal with human emotions and, as is natural in a lyric, are intensely subjective. A poem depends for its appeal so much on the flavour

and association of words and the mood that they evoke that it is bound to suffer when rendered into another language. Despite this, Mr Kaul's translation does succeed in reproducing the spirit, the soul of the original. Dryden said: "All translation may be reduced to these three heads—*metaphrase*, or turning an author word by word and line by line, from one language into another.. *paraphrase*, or translation with latitude, where the author is kept in view by the translator so as never to be lost, but his words are not so strictly followed as his sense; and that too is admitted to be amplified, but not altered*imitation*, where the translator assumes the liberty, not only to vary from the words and sense, but to forsake them both as he sees occasion; and taking only some general hints from the original, to run division on the ground work, as he pleases." Mr Kaul's rendering belongs to Dryden's second category.



In his very interesting Introduction, Mr Kaul divides the history of the Kashmir lyric into four periods: the first in which flourished Lal Ded and Sheikh Nur-ud-din; the second, covering the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, in which Haba Khatun and Arnimal are the prominent names; the

third with which are associated Mahmud Gami and Parmanand and Prakash Ram; and the fourth, the contemporary period, dominated by Mahjur and Zinda Kaul. I have no knowledge of Kashmiri, but I have found in most of the lyrics printed here a large number of Sanskrit words, either in their pure form or as modified by popular usage. Thus we have such words as

apavitra, snán, akriya, chor, sádhu, rájhansa, áshá, maitri, shatru, násha, káma, krodha, lobha, chandramá, tárá, amrita, vanavás, yuvá, más, sahasrayuga, tyāg, rág, yogábhyás, dhyán, upavás, sankalpa, harshá, mahámantra, vaikuntha, máyátita, nirmal, nád, vád, dyaus, prabhát, kálagrás, pushpa, muktá, rásamandali, tan, man, phal, sheesh, kesha, málá, yauvan, darshan, kokil, sundari.

These are used by Hindu as well as Muslim poets. Similarly there is a large number of Persian words. The various languages that have influenced Kashmiri culture are well represented in these songs. That is inevitable when persons sing spontaneously; the words that are familiar to them in daily life occur naturally to them and these are used rather than "ink-horn terms."

For over five centuries the lyric has flourished in Kashmir, touching life at many points, describing trivial happenings of every day, depicting scenes from nature, delineating

human feelings, the life of toil, of suffering, of hunger, of passion, never forgetting quite and ever retaining in the background the spiritual heritage of the land. The green-wood tree, winter and rough weather, the sweet breath of spring, the ravages of time, Death's purple altar, the many voices of nature, the shadow of the night,

“The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
The fair humanities of old religion,
The power, the beauty, and the majesty
That had their haunts in dale or piny
mountain
Or forest, by slow stream or pebbly spring
Or chasms or watery depths’—

all these and strains of music from elfland—we find in these lyrics; and we thank Mr Kaul for a repast which can now be enjoyed by those who do not know the language of Kashmir.

Amaranatha Jha

September, 1945.

INTRODUCTION

I

I call these short poems lyrics because they are lyrics, literally. They are sung to the accompaniment of

“sitar, sarangi, and drum,”

and “sāz,” “santūr” and “tumbakhnār”—musical instruments which we in Kashmir have made peculiarly our own. It is as songs sung by musicians and lovers of music that most of them, of unknown authorship, have been recorded, interspersed among Persian songs and *gazals*, in the old manuscripts of “*mausiḡis*” or books of music, with appropriate directions of “rāg” and “tāl” and “muqām.”

II

In oral transmission these songs have assumed different versions from locality to locality and texts have become corrupt. Manuscripts have fared no better. What happens is something as follows: A is a lover of song and music and hires the services of a calligraphist to make a copy for him in Persian script which, without additional diacritical marks is very incomplete and misleading for a language abounding in vowel

sounds. Sometime after, *B* wants a copy and engages a copyist who, while transcribing from *A*'s copy, drops many dots and lines and does not care to understand the text. Copying is copying, no more. Then sometime after, *C* gets the copy of *B* and many more mistakes of text are made, and so on from *C* to *D* and *D* to *E*, mistakes increasing with every copy, till one comes by a very corrupt text which is the tenth or perhaps the twentieth copy of the original. Then one has to trace backwards, a hundred or two hundred years; but the earliest copies are extinct or disfigured by time. Patience and curiosity, however, can help; and I have had my moments of joy when in 'vacant moods' I have hit upon, as in a flash, what the original word or phrase must have been. This is adopted after being put to all the relevant tests of rhyme and metre, sound and sense, and the general sweep and impression of the manuscript calligraphy. Such a word or phrase has not unoften illumined a whole song. Number 98, for instance, where the manuscripts and oral tradition agreed on a somewhat meaningless phrase in the second line (within quotation marks here).

Yas gav masvali "gönde havā."
which is corrected as

Yas gav masvali "göndur haväy."

This has been a labour of love for several years; and I can claim to have so tuned myself to these songs, their music, mood and meaning, that I can exercise the right and responsibility of an anthologist. For it cannot be quite a "dilettante business" for the first anthologist of a language which has a living tradition of song from the fourteenth century to the present day. I cannot, however, say that I have omitted nothing of value, that no 'gems' may be discovered which are not here. For a first anthologist this would be a tall claim. What I claim is this: here is a collection, a golden treasury (if you will) of Kashmiri lyrics which may not be found to include anything that has not a poetic feeling, sentiment or mood or beauty of word and phrase.

Out of the various readings or versions I have selected the more poetical, not the more popular one; but where the claims of a variant have been impressive, I have given it in the footnotes. I have also exercised the anthologist's right of excision, for some of the poems improve by excision of weak verses and superfluous stanzas. The unit of translation has been, with a few exceptions, the line, not the stanza; and I have not attempted translation into verse though I suspect myself of having caught at places the rhythm of the original when it could,

more or less, be rendered into English. I have, with a few exceptions, kept quite close to the original: I have translated literally but, I hope, fairly intelligibly, and the foot-notes indicate where I have departed from the literal meaning. For effect I have sometimes literally translated the original idiom or conceit *e. g.*, 'love *melted* me, 'water thee with milk', 'burns of love.' For me, however, the original is the thing, not the translation.

III

My love for the Kashmiri lyric has been (I hope) genuine and intimate. It has sent me wandering up and down and across the valley on many "lyrical" hunts and enjoyable "lyrical" missions, for some of these songs live in the country. But they are not only cowboy songs. Nor are they domestic folk poetry comprising marriage songs and funeral songs or "Lytierveses" or harvest songs, the stuff of which folk songs, as such, are made. We have all these in Kashmiri as well as nonsense nursery rhymes or singing games like
 astam bāre the-re the-vñ...

Or okusbókus tilāwān čokus...

Or zūn māj zūnī aṅgan maṅgan...

Nor are they what may be called folk-ballads expressing the Kashmiri's satiric humour; for he can laugh at his own discomfiture:

buji aki dōp yi kyā didI gom
 kasābay osum su kōt didI gom
 su ha didI nyūnay gurā āban
 zor kōr vēshive śahlāban

Said an old granny in a wild flurry,
 "Oh, woe is me ! Oh, woe is me !
 O where's my headgear ?"
 "O granny dear, O granny dear,
 The yellow flood has carried it off."
 The Vishav has overflown her banks.

IV

I have loved these songs for their music, for their melody. For the Kashmiri lyric is a thing of music, a very melodious music, with its musical rhymes and ever-recurring refrains, its alliterations and assonances, that come most spontaneously as the very stuff of our language, which has about as many vowels as consonants. We have no sonant aspirates, and gutturals and harsh consonants are rare. The cleverest Kashmiri verse-maker could not make a line as harsh as this, deliberately and for effect, with only Kashmiri words :

"Dirty British coaster with a salt-caked
 smoke stack."

Rhymes and refrains help to enshrine these songs in the memory which are memorable for another reason also. For many years these songs have relieved the tedium of the

life of our women who, mostly unlettered, find in them a sincere echo of their emotion. They give

“——a very echo to the seat
where love is throned.”

Like the songs in *braja* tradition it is generally the woman who is the lover and utters her love. Besides, many of these lyrics are unmistakably the work of women poetesses, Lal Dēd, the mystic, Arnimāl (the wife of the famous author of “Bahari Tavīl”), Haba Khātūn of song and story, and (Mrs) Jum of Navhatta. They have also enlivened the sweated labour employed by “Kārkhānadārs”, and the artistic toiling of the deft craftsmen of Kashmir.

“Mark it [the song] Cesario, it is old and plain ;

The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
And the free maids that weave their thread
with bones

Do use to chant it : it is silly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love”

And the embroiderers, the *pashmina* and *gabba* makers, wood-carvers and papier-machie makers, and the country lads and country lasses do use to chant it. Muslim maids are free in Kashmir as they are perhaps now here in the north-west of India. Says Mahjur :

"Singing thou roamest the uplands above
And fairies thee applaud;
Like the *didar* lark thou singest.

"Can *Khoja* women match thee?
Thou dost roam free amid flowers.
Khoja women lie confined indoors,
O country lass, O sweet, O dear!" (No. 121)

These lyrics become memorable to us for we can relate them to actual experience and to places. I have such numerous song-and-place associations and memories. They can re-create for us, in whatever measure, the poet's own background of his experience as no other poetry can do. Persian poetry never did this except, in a second-hand manner, for a few of the upper classes. Urdu has not, at least as yet, taken the place occupied by Persian (say) fifty years ago; and it cannot be expected to do much more than what Persian did with its court prestige and intrinsic poetic appeal for the educated few. Meanwhile the educated Kashmiri must go without the intimate revelations of the poetry native to him, which alone could vibrate the string of his heart with the incantation of its verse, and he must wear himself away from the intimate sympathy which it alone could quicken within him and bind him with the life around. A poor life this!

V.

The melody and the rhythm of a poetry make for the "capital difficulty" of translation, perhaps a little more so for Kashmiri poetry. Of late the rhythms of Kashmiri songs have by imitation of the Persian prosody (the only prosody the Kashmiri song writer knows) become very correct but very inflexible, a strait-laced pattern of quantitative metre, notably in the present day *gazals*. In the older songs of Lal Dēd and some others we discern a looseness and a flexibility which does not fit in quite within the precise Persian or *doha* quantitative metres. Sir George Grierson was right in discerning a tendency towards stress being substituted for quantity in the Kashmiri song. It is the stress accent that saves it from monotony, helps the metre to express the subtle rhythms of lyric moods, and accommodates turns, exquisitely musical, which, while the songs are being sung, often occur to the musician or the singer.

We feel a certain peculiar ease in weaving rhymes and rhythms. There is indeed a "nursery rhyme thrill", a certain Hickery-Dickery-Do pattern of rhythm, which anyone can hear (as Aldous Huxley¹ heard it) any time, of day, in the streets of Kashmir with which a group of coolies enliven the heavy loads they carry collectively. Several Englishmen have told me that they can catch and

1. *Jesting Pilate*.

appreciate the lilt of a Kashmiri song (say), a boatman's chanty, more easily than they can do elsewhere in India. Here is what Mary Hallowes¹ caught of the tune of a chanty sung by boatmen punting up their cargo boats "khôcū" in the Jhelum.

"Swift the current, dark the night,
 (Yā—illā, lā—illā)
 Stars above our guide and light
 (Krālīār, bālīār !) . . .
 All together on the rope,
 (Ya Pīr—Dust Gīr)
 In our sinews lies our hope
 Khālīko, Mālīk—ko ! . . ."

This is not all. When Id is approaching and Ramadan is about to end in the city or the villages; or, in the villages, at the time of harvest or a local festival on an evening when the moon is up on high and "the heavens are bare", the country lasses and the middle-aged dames will come out and divide themselves into groups, and the groups will fall into rows, and the rows will be interlocked in a kind of friends' shoulder or waist lock, which is made by arms outstretched over the shoulders or round the waists of their fellows on either hand till they form a solid interwoven file. Another row is formed likewise at the distance of

1. In the Illustrated Weekly of India.

a few paces, facing the former. Then that swing-like movement of the whole file begins, keeping time to the dance time of a Kashmiri "Röv." Which is like this :

First row advancing and the second row receding,

Come, O fairies, let us dance, let us dance,

Second row advancing and the first row receding.

Sheltered from light while the peaks are
aglow with rosy dawn, with rosy dawn.

(No. 40)

And so on till the moon declines in the west
and the peaks are aglow with the rosy dawn.

VI

What survives of the Kashmiri lyric when its musical associations and vibrations of rhythm are lost in the process of translation? It loses the very stamp of poet's experience, its individuality, its unique mood and moment, which integrate music, rhythm and meaning of a poem. If it is a lyric, the very stuff of its experience, its substance or content, may suffer equally with the form. A lyric is a musical utterance of a mood or an emotion and the music cannot be separated from the mood; and the Kashmiri lyric, with a few exceptions, is not an "intellectual" lyric. But something may yet survive in these translations of mine, indicating this content and mood which, if I were to put it in a

word, I would call *lol* (to rhyme with *bole*) a Kashmiri word signifying an untranslatable complex of love, longing and a tugging at the heart, 'a longingness—'poor mortal longingness' in Walter de La Mare's phrase." This longing may be for God for many Kashmiri lyrics¹ enshrine a striving and a hunger for God in many moods.

Searching and seeking Him I, Lalla, wearied
myself (No. 8)

Whoever realizes his own true Self ...
(No. 19)

I abandoned myself completely to love
(No. 25)

The sense of fate :

I spread bird-lime, I wandered far ... (No. 18)

The striking imagery and epigrammatic terseness :

How can the kite hunt like the sparrow
hawk ? (No. 16)

The edifying and exultant moods :

Since I tried to know the secret of man's
being ... (No. 16)

The Indian religious lyrics, unlike the Hebrew psalms, breathe a spirit of charity for all. There is no vengeance against one's foe.

Sow Thou the seeds of friendship for me
And yet slay not even my enemies! (No. 15)

1. See Poems in Part I.

nor even against one's inconstant Love,
 Yet did I say : 'Long mayest thou live !'
 (No. 96)

Yet long may he live and give joy to them.
 (No. 97)

Or, the Rās-Lilā lyrics, stressing inward
 experience rather than outward formalism
 and preferring *bhoga* to *tyaga*, in true Kashmiri
 Trika Saivite tradition.

Rās is where love's expanse broadens into
 an ocean :

Rās is equipoise 'mid sour and sweet
 (No. 33)

Our dance is devotion, yoga, and jñāna,
 Our dance is a samādhi in 'wakeful activity.'
 (No. 32)

Why shall we renounce the world?
 (No. 31)

In the mansion of the body.
 See, a dance is going on,
 With all its nine windows open.
 Make a ring, make a ring. (No. 30)

VII

Then the longing for Love in all its moods!
 The spring is come, flowers are in bloom,
 and the *kukil* and *tiriv* are here—but "where
 are you?"

Flowers have blossomed in all their hues,
 Love, where are you ? (No. 35).

See the *Kaav*, the *kukil*, and the *poshinool*
(No. 36)

The expectation and the elation of Love's visit :

At Ishabar I am filling goblets of wine,
(No. 38)

Then the long long waiting till the days
drag ; but he does not come and the yearning
deepens and so deepens the anguish of separation.

The distant meadows are in bloom,
Hast thou not heard my plaint ? (No. 44)
Think of *lodar* flowers' bloom along the
rivulet banks— (No. 47)

My Love, my Jasmine, my Jasmine.

I long for thee. (No. 54).

Did you not see him

Who still smites me with love ? (No. 70)

Then comes the questioning and doubting
of Love's fidelity. Indeed he is "sporting
strangers 'mong", and the rivals mock at her.
Even her endurance has a limit, and she
begins to fling accusations at him, the Reckless.
the Inconstant, the Visitor of a Hundred
Homes, the Luxury mad, the Voluptuary.

Over passes high I carried him wine,
But he is roaming 'mid sylvan glades.
O why does he dwell in the distant glades?
O where is he drunk with my rivals'
wine ? (No. 73)

Hardly had I, a budding hourie, bathed
me in sandal-oil,
When he, My Love, did flee away from me,
O friend... (No. 107)

He is faithless and a vow-breaker :

Friend, to his vows no credit give....
(No. 115)

Now they become copper, now they become
bronze ... (No. 116)

On the wayside, at dusk, he left me for-
lorn, (No. 117)

VIII.

There are other moods, other nuances of these moods; but their tone is usually the same: plaintive, wistful, melancholic. It is rarely that, apart from the Rās-Lilā lyric, we find a whole-hearted abandon to joy, sensuous or supernal. Why should most of our songs lack gaiety and rapture?

"... Most wretched men
Are cradled into poetry by wrong,
They learn in suffering what they teach in
song."

Is it that we have, till recently, lacked any noble aspiration, any large-hearted hope for many centuries past? But while these songs express our helplessness and resignation to fate, they do also express our pious fortitude and our popular philosophy of life and faith in God.

These lyrics have few allusions and fewer ornaments and figures of speech. There are references to Shirin and Farhad, La'ila and Majnun, Shekh Sana and Mansur, from Persian but usually we draw on our own legend and lore and speak of Bombur and Lolare, Himāl and NāgIrāy (lovers famous in legend) or myna and golden oriole and turtle-dove (birds), or narcissus, daffodil, hyacinth and colchicum (flowers) and the like. They have directness, simplicity, sometimes naivete, and a tender poignancy of feeling.

Don't be cross, O Myna dear,
It's love has smitten me. (No. 65)
This world is new, for ever and ever new,
O lovely maid, weave thy youth into a
wreath of dance (No. 64)
Say, without thee, how shall I fill my
days? (No. 80)
Across meadows and down hillsides...
(No. 48)

Persian has had a dominating influence on Kashmiri, and being a sweet language, its words and phrases have been assimilated easily. What one may take exception to is not the borrowing of words and phrases which have enriched our language, but the use of anaemic and worn-out imagery and insincere hyperbole of the decadent Persian poetry. On rare occasions, however, the

Kashmiri poet can strike a genuine spark from the mint of persian conceit :

Thy tresses are a hyacinth, (No. 68)
In the garden of love the wounds of my
heart are the flowers,
And my sighs are the cypress. (No. 93).

IX

This seems to be the "poetically effective order." Other arrangements there could well be. This, for instance : lyrics directly addressed to Love (first person); lyrics addressed to one's friend and companion, pleading for her intercession (second person); and lyrics expressing one's love for the beloved without such intercession (third person).

Or, chronologically : The famous Lal Dēd, a mystic poetess of the fourteenth century continues the tradition of our indigenous philosophy, Kashmir Monistic Saivism or the Trika School, in an energy of idiom and terse imagery rarely equalled in our language. Her contemporary, much younger in age, Shekh Nur-ud-Din of Crar Sharif, Nuḥd Rishi, as he is popularly known, wrote didactic poems in verses which have become current as pithy sayings and proverbs ; but the genuineness of his verse in *Rishinama* or *Nurnama* cannot be vouched for with certainty.

It is in its second period during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, that the Kashmiri lyric enters upon its typical period when first Haba Khātūn and, later on, Arnimāl with several known and unknown poets sing of human love in what may be called the typical Kashmiri *Lol*-lyric which is amply represented in this anthology¹. The love they sing of is secular: it is no longer largely mystical, spiritual or didactic as it had been in the first period from the fourteenth to nearly the seventeenth century, the age of Lal Dēd and Nuṇd Rishi. The *Lol*-lyric is very musical, very brief, rarely more than ten lines including the repeated refrains, abounding in rhymes and assonances, put in the mouth of a woman lover, a cry from her heart, expressing in a flexible pattern more a mood than a thought.

The nineteenth century or thereabouts ushers in the third period, the age of Mahmūd Gāmi and, a little later, of Parmānand. Persian influence is now deep on theme, idea and diction as well as on metre, rhyme, allusion and imagery. There is less directness and poignancy of feeling but more passion and sensuousness, ornateness and conceit. This is a fruitful period of Kashmiri literature both in the number of poets and

1. See Poems in Part

the quality of their poetry. The *Rov*-lyric, begun earlier no doubt, now comes into vogue as a literary art-form.

With Parmānand and even earlier with Prakāsh Rām, we are introduced to a new kind of lyric which I have called the Rās-Lilā lyric, distinguished by its abandon to joy, expressing devotion and religious fervour for a Personal God, notably Krishna or Siva. The universe exists: it is real and it is good. Indeed all creation is an overflowing of God's joy; it is a Lilā, a Siva's dance.

X

The fourth period¹ may be said to have begun with Mahjūr in the twenties of the present century. The present-day poets have tried some new themes, such as, Mahjūr's. *The Country Lass*, *Arise O Gardener* and *Our Country is a Garden*.

If thou wouldst arouse this habitat of roses,
leave toying with kettle-drums;

Let there be thunder, storm, tempest,
yea, an earthquake !

Our Country is a garden (No. 121)

The Hill-stream goes asinging : (No. 122)

The Hill-stream goes asinging : (No. 131)

The modern note is, however, sounded by Pandit Zinda Kaul, in a poem which might be entitled "Interrogation", a poem which shows

1. See the Poems in Part III.

the possibilities of the Kashmiri lyric, what it can achieve in a diction not divorced from the present-day idiom, employing new rhyme-schemes and rhythm-patterns and haunting refrains, an expressive medium, rich in its "incantation" and beautiful imagery, bodying forth the eternal *why* and the eternal *longing* of the human soul:

Is Love an idle fancy ?

Is Beauty a "vain illusive show" ? (No. 139)

This points the way to something beyond the "silly sooth" and the dalliance with "the innocence of love" of the earlier *Lol*-lyric.

J. L. K.

The Kashmiri Alphabet :

a. Vowels :

Short	Long
1. à àch (an eye)	2. ā ās (a mouth)
3. a akh (one) अ, । [fur]	4. ā ākh (a mark) आ । [far]
5. ą ąar (a rag)	6. ą ąar (cold)
7. i dil (heart) इ । [fill]	8. ī tīl (oil) ई, ी [feel]
9. u kun (single) उ, । [pull]	10. ū kūn (a corner) ऊ, ु [pool]
11. ę zęv (tongue) [इ+अ. zest]	12. e yer (wool) ए, े [अ+इ, bale]
13. ó nór (a sleeve) [hot]	14. o bor (a load) ओ, ो [bore]
15. ǒ dǒd (milk) [उ+अ, dual]	
16. I khāsI (cups)—a shade of i, at the end of a syllable preceded by a consonant.	

b. Consonants :

k क क, kh ख ख, g [get] ग ग, n [bring] ङ ङ

* ç [soft] च, çh छ, z ज ;

c च छ, ch छ, j ज छ, ñ [canyon] ञ ;

ṭ [hard] ट ट, ṭh ठ ठ, ḍ ढ ढ ;

t [soft] त त, th थ थ, d [soft] द द, n न न ;

p प प, ph फ फ, b ब ब, m म म ;

y [you] य य, r र र, l ल ल, v व व ;

sh श श, s स स, h ह ह ;

* ç çam (skin), soft c.

çh çhat (a draught of air), soft ch.

And it is in this associative quality in words...that half the secret of poetry is to be found if we could find it. That is why, with no exceptions that are not negligible, authentic poetry has never been written in any language but that to which the poet was born.

John Drinkwater

The volatile essence of poetry, we know, must evaporate, most of it, in another tongue, and the translator must ever ask for much to be taken on trust....

Oliver Elton

PART I.

Lal Dëd

1

Lal bóh drāyas lolare
 çhārān lūstum dën kēho rāth
 vuchum pāndith panāni gare
 suy mē rōtmas nēchtur ta sāth

2

keñh chiy nēñdari-hātiy vudiy
 keñčan vudēn nēsar pēyī
 keñh chiy snān kārith aputiy
 keñh chiy geh bāzith ti akrayī

3

kyāh kara pāñčan dāhan ta kāhan
 vōkh-shan yith lēji karith yim gāy
 sāriy samahān yith razi lamahān
 ada kyāzi rāvihe kāhan gāv

3

1

Longingly for love did I, Lalla, set forth,
And many a day and night I searched ;
Then, lo, I saw the Pandit in my own home ;
Then did I fix upon the moment
 auspicious.

2

Some, though asleep, are yet awake,
While on some, who are awake, hath slumber
 fallen.
Some, despite ablutions, are unclean,
While some, 'mid household cares, are
 actionless.

3

Ah me! the five¹, the ten², and the eleven³
Have scraped out this pot⁴ and gone away.
Should they all unite and pull upon this rope,
Why should the cow⁴ of the eleven³ go
 astray ?

1. The five *bhutas*. 2. The ten principal and secondary vital airs.
3. Five *Jnanendriyas* and five *karmendriyas* and *manas*. 4. The 'pot'
and the 'cow' are the soul ; the cow is owned by eleven masters, each
of whom pulls it in his own direction.

4

Lal Dêd

4

lâlith lâlith vaday bo-dây
 çettâ muhac pëyiy mây
 roziy no pata loh-laŋgarac çhây
 nêza-svaraph kyâh mōthuy hây

5

nābaḍI-bāras aṭa-gand ḍyōl gom
 dēn-kār hōl gom hēka kahyū
 gōra-suñd vanun rāvan-tyōl pyom
 pahāli-rōst khyōl gom hēka kahyū

6

āmi pana sōḍaras nāvi chas lamān
 kati bozi day myon mē-ti diyi tār
 āmēn ṭākēn poñ zan shamān
 zuv chum bramān gara gaṇḥahā

5

4

I shall weep and weep for thee, my soul,
 The illusion of the world hath befallen thee.
 Not for thee will survive even the shadow of
 the objects thou lovest,
 Which like an iron anchor tie thee to the
 world;
 Alas! why, then, hast thou, forgot thine own
 true Self?

5

The sling of my candy load¹ hath become
 loose, and it galls my back;
 My day's work hath gone awry; ah, woe is
 me!
 My *Guru's* word hath been as painful as a
 blister of loss² to me;
 My flock³ hath lost its shepherd; ah, woe is me!

6

With an untwisted thread I am towing a boat
 on the ocean;
 Would that my God heard my prayer and
 brought me safe across!
 Like water in pots of unbaked clay, I waste
 away;
 I have a longing keen: would that I were to
 reach my home!

1. Of worldly pleasures. 2. He has told me to renounce (lose) the pleasures I have loved. 3. I have lost one-pointedness of mind and purpose.

6

Lal Dëd

7

pôt zūni vóthith mót bolanovum
 dag lalanävam dayisañzi prahe
 LālI LālI karān Lāla vuzanovum
 milith tas man shroçyom dahe

8

Lal bo lūşas çhārān ta gārān
 hal mẽ kormas rasa-nishi ti
 vuchun hyótmas tādI diñI-mas baran
 mẽ-ti kal ganeyi zi zogmas tātI

9

mal vōndi zolum
 jigar morum
 tēli Lal nāv drām
 yēli dālI trāvI-mas tātI

At the early dawn I got up and sang to the
 mad one¹,
 And soothed his pain with the love of God.
 Trying to realize "*I am Lalla*², *I am Lalla*," I
 awakened my Love,
 And became one with Him ; and the ten³ were
 purified.

8

Searching and seeking Him I, Lalla, wearied
 myself,
 And even beyond my strength I strove ;
 Then, looking for Him, I found His doors
 closed and latched.
 This deepened my longing and stiffened my
 resolve ;
 And I would not move but stood where I was,
 full of longing and love, to gaze on Him.

9

All impurities within me I burnt away,
 And I did slay my heart.
 I came to be known as the pious Lalla,
 Only when I cleaved unto Him there :
 Only when I sat, just there, waiting for His
 grace.

1. My heart mad on worldly pleasures. 2. My own true Self which
 I realized was the same as the Supreme Self. 3. *Indriyas*.

Nund Ryósh'

10

āshakh suy yus āshkaṣaṭI daze
 sōn zan prazaḷēs panaṇuy pān
 āshkun nār yēs vālinji saze
 ada māli vātiy suy lāmakān

11

āshakh chuy kun gōbur māji marun
 su zōla kari ta kihay
 āshakh chuy ganaṭulaṛēv pān barun
 su sōkha rozi ta kihay
 āshakh chuy ratajāma tani pārāvun
 su āh kari ta kihay

12

ārābalan nāḡarādā rov
 sād rov çūran mañz
 mūdāgaran gōraḡpāndith rov
 rāzaḡhamsā rov kāvan mañz

1. Shekh Nur-ud-din of Crar Sharif.

9

10

The lover is he who burns with love,
Whose Self doth shine like gold.
When man's heart lights up with the flame of
love,
Then shall he reach the Infinite.

11

Love is death of an only son to a mother—
Can the lover have any sleep?
Love is venomous stings of a swarm of wasps—
Can the lover have any rest?
Love is a robe dripping with blood—
Can the wearer even utter a sigh?

12

The fount was lost amidst the rocks ;
The saint was lost among the thieves ;
In the homes of the ignorant the wise pandit
was lost ;
And the swan was lost among the crows.

10

13

Nuñd Ryôsh

vêthavāvas tan nānī su ti dōhā Nasaro
tōn vaḡara ta syāñ pānī su ti dōhā Nasaro
nishi rānI ta vurāni khānī su ti dōhā Nasaro
vurābata ta gāḍagānī su ti dōhā Nasaro

14

poshinūl poshivāriy gārān
mōgul gārān huniy vās
shāj shiñālay gārān
khar gārān guh lēd ta sās

15

Arnimāl

āshāvañdanhandi āsho ve
gaṭimañḡa hāvtam gāsho ve
lāsan gomo rāsho ve
prārān chasayo āsho ve
myātranhuñduy byolā vāvl-ze
shātran ti kārI-zinā nāsho ve

11

13

The body exposed to the cold river winds
 blowing,
 Thin porridge and half-boiled vegetable to
 eat—

There was a day, O Nasaro¹!

My spouse by my side and a warm blanket to
 cover us,

A sumptuous meal and fish to eat—

There was a day, O Nasaro!

14

The oriole seeks out a flower garden;
 The owl seeks out a deserted spot;
 The she-jackal searches dreary wastes;
 The donkey searches dung and dirt.

15

O Thou Hope of the hopeful,
 In mid darkness show me light.
 To far-off Lhāsā he has gone for gain;
 Expectant I wait: O bring him back safe
 to me!

Sow Thou the seed of friendship for me every-
 where,

And slay not even my enemies.

1. His chief disciple, Nasar-ud-din.

12

16

shāhnihuñd shikār gāñth kava zāni
hāñth kava zāni pōtray dod
shamaḥuk māni lāsh kava zāni
māch kava zāni pāmparī soz
yēli yēs bani tēli suy zāni

—(Lal · Dēd)

17

ti būzith yi gaḥi mashun
pashun ḥali dōn āḷaman

khākas nishi nerān sōn
grāko sōy kān parzanāvtan
kāma krūḍa lūba nishi gaḥi nashun
pashun ḥaliy dōn āḷaman

18

dyūṭhum orutāh gomut hire
nādāna yi kāyū vīre ṭaṅg

jēchām vāḷavāshi tachām khore
jēchām saṅgar ta vuchām koh
day nay diyi ta ḍēka nay pūre
nādāna yi kāyū vīre ṭaṅg

—Khwaja Habib

13

16

How can the kite hunt like the sparrow-hawk?
 How can the barren woman feel the ardour of
 a mother's love?

How can the faggot burn like the candle?
 How can the fly feel the martyrdom of the
 moth?

When man suffers, then alone he knows.

17

When thou hearest that, thou must forget this,
 Thou wilt, then, have no regrets in both the
 worlds.

From earth comes out gold,
 O Seeker, find out that mine of gold,
 And abjure lust, anger and desire:
 Thou wilt, then, have no regrets in both the
 worlds.

18

I saw a man in distress, begging.
 O fool, can the willow yield thee a pear?

I spread birdlime, I wandered far,
 I climbed rocky cliffs and mountains high—
 (And I did all that man could do)—
 If God doth not grant, if fate doth not decree,
 O fool, can the willow yield thee a pear?

14

19

yāmI kōr sara panun pān
mas bānan ṭhān muṇarāvith gav
chiv lagēs hosh nashas
mashas paṇanuy pān
na su zāni hēndI vōpath
na su musalmān

20

āmI-day sūramātI sāñyāsI
ṇūri dil ti myon vōdāsI niv
jaṭi chas gaṅg ta haṭi shāhmāro
ḍeki chus shūbān ṇāndramātār
aṭhi ch s poshikI ta amrēṭakhāsI
ṇuri dil ti myon vōdāsI niv

21

lōli lōli karay lōli maṇzali
mē kali cāni gomo sūr
chivaṇuk mas cato gali gali
ākāshi lāg gulibōmbūr
rav zān Shav chuyo thali thali
sōṇasāṇz shrākh pyāyimo hali
kavāzāna kati pyom āshkaṇūr
yēli yēs bani tēli suy zāni
yus gaṇchi Kābas su katyū pheri
damā damā vuchi nūrezuhūr
sāl kari Kābas lāmakānas pheri

19

Whosoever realizes his own true Self
 Uncovers the vessels of wine,
 Overflows with joy, is intoxicated,
 And forgets his lower self :
 He will not know a Hindu
 From a Musalmān.

20

The ash-besmeared Sannyasi,
 The Ascetic, has stolen away my heart.
 Down His matted locks the Ganges flows and
 the cobra entwines His neck,
 His brow is illumined by the moon and the stars,
 In His hands He holds cups of nectar and
 flowers bell-shaped—
 The Ascetic has stolen away my heart.

21

In the cradle of my lap I shall rock thee,
 I am utterly consumed with longing for thee.
 Drink the wine ecstatic.
 Rove in mid air like wasp-bee in the sky,
 See, Siva, like the sun, is everywhere.
 Love's golden sword has pierced my side,
 I know not where I was waylaid by Love :
 When man suffers, then alone he knows.
 Whoever goes to the Ka'ba will not turn back,
 Every moment he will see the Vision Beatific,
 And in the Ka'ba and the Boundless he will
 roam.

16

22

yēth samsāras vānI mē diçāmas
yāras melun gānimath

zāhid rūzith göphi tay gāras
ābid pherān mañz gulzāras
āshakh mushtākh paṇanis yāras
yāras melun gānimath

—Khwaja Habib

23

āshkan āshI-kataṛa dur zan harān
tarān mijgāṇa mūhañI kān
āshakh tim yim marnābronṭh marān
lāshakh vātān lāmakān
māshokh ḍishith gul zan phōlān

—Khwaja Habib

24

lajiyo matyo cāni thazi kāri
lāgay kāripātiy posh

grataḇal gayas grata anavāri
ḇhal gom bāli pharāmosh
ōḇ khēv gratan ta ōḇ gratakhāri

āshkasag lajām lola tōlavāri
phiryām poshi camānan sag
āb gom jāri osh mā māri

—Kalandar Shah

22

I did carefully survey the world :
It is a blessing to find one's love—

The hermit dwells in his cave,
The devotee roves amidst flowers,
The lover yearns for his beloved.
What a joy to search and find one's love !

23

Pierced by the darts from their beloveds' eye-
lashes,
Lovers shed tears like pearl.
True lovers die before their death ;
And men of faith come to the Infinite ;
Seeing their beloved, like flowers they bloom.

24

I adore thy graceful neck and stately,
And with larkspur adorn thee, Love.

I went to the corn-mill to take my turn
But I missed the device—ah, foolish me !
I lost some grist in the mill-wheel and some
in the corn-basket.

I filled buckets of desire with the water
of love,
And watered the flower-plots ;
But the water overflowed : will the Lord of
the Garden chastise me ?

āshkāni mādāna trāvyām hay
hay tavay toṭhyom pānay day

yāmi dārI-yāva āsI paḍā gay
layi roz tamikuy may āpaṛay
“vaja’lnā minalmā’i kul shayin hay”

keñçav pyāla cay payāpay
keñcan cavān sapāduy tay¹
keñh gay tāri² ta keñcan chu say.

—Khwaja Habib

bar-buka āyēs sōrgaç hūr
mohēm dūr hā maḍano

gāphila pāno kāphila dūr
suy gom kósūr hā maḍano
zarānata karākyā maḷanā sūr

sārivay çanĵāv kānsino pūr
kuniras taḥandis aḥd lób no
yus gav maṇa kinI tāmI lób nūr

1 and 2 Var. Kay, mokalith. The meaning changes to—
Some could not tolerate their drink; Some have reached the
goal while some are on their way.

I abandoned myself completely to love¹;
And God is pleased with me.

Be steadfast in love and I will give thee
A taste of wine which fills the River of Life
That brought us hither ;
From whose water God hath made every living
thing².

Some drank cup after cup unceasingly ;
Some, in the act of drinking, attained to the
goal ;
Some have despaired, while some still have
hope.

Full to bursting am I, a hourie of Paradise,
Do not flee away, Love.

Ah, careless me ! the caravan is gone far ahead,
And that has been my undoing, Love :
Shall I not languish, shall I not with ashes
besmear myself ?

All sought Him but none found
The infinitude of His Unity ;
He alone found the Light who struck the path
of Self within.

1. Lit. I let the horse of my mind wander at will in the field of love.
2. The Koran, Sura, XXI, 30.

diginibalas vigini vanavāno
bozu jāno suy soz jān¹

sòn samandar sani bā sōṇaye
ròn bāthis pēṭh atha mūrān
òn kyā zāni tirakamāno
bozu jāno suy soz jān

ath sōdras vāvātūphāno
nāva vuchamas beshumār
keñh phaci tay keñh yīrāno
bozu jāno suy soz jān

dārith dyutnas mañz dārī-yāvas
nay vuchmas sum nay tār
vath hāvtam chus gārzāno
bozu jāno suy soz jān

ath kādālas karu zolāno
ami apor chuy 'fano-fil-hāh'
na chu hyōñd tay na musalmāno
bozu jāno suy soz jān

1. Var. Bozu jano sozi Sultan—Hear, O hear, the royal tune.

It is the fairies that sing at the fount,
Hear, O hear, that song so sweet.

On the shore of this ocean, bottomless and deep,
 The maimed sit wringing their hands,
 And the blind cannot take aim with a bow and
 arrow.
Hear, O hear, that song so sweet.

In this ocean I see a tempest raging
 And countless boats—
 Some have sunk and some are drifting.
Hear, O hear, that song so sweet.

I am cast into the midmost waters,
 And I can find no way across :
 I am a stranger here—"Lead Thou me on !"
Hear, O hear, that song so sweet,

Manacle thy (self and make of it a) bridge* (to
 span this ocean wide) ;
 And, across, attain to the "Annihilation in the
 Divine",
 Where there is no Hindu nor Musalman.
Hear, O hear, that song so sweet,

*The self alone can be a bridge across this ocean, provided it is so disciplined as to move beyond the confusion of diversity of paths to the Dominion of the Divine, where there is Unity.

Azizmôt gomut devāno
 lolābāyan sōkhan bāvān
 nekh mardan haṇdi anāmāno
 bozu jāno suy soz jān

—Aziz Darvesh

28

yārI dōp māshokh pādā karantay
 pāda gav 'kalam ta lavh'
 rōbaşuṇd phōrmān lyukh kalāmantay
 vantay lo hay lo

Rāma Rāma paryāv Shekh Sanāhantay
 hēnzimōkha lōb tāmI yar'¹
 but polun Kōrān zoluntay
 vantay lo hay lo

ana pōr Hazrati Mansūrantay
 manā nishi lōb tāmI yār'¹
 vananuy sir chuy āyul pantay
 vantay lo hay lo

vajūdi ādamas diçām kantay
 sajūda rūdus bo
 tanashut vajad āv malākantay
 vantay lo hay lo

—Wahāb Khār

1. Var. day=God.

Azizmôt has gone crazy,
 He is letting out love's secret among his
 fellow-men.
 He has heard it from pious men and saints.
Hear, O, hear, that song so sweet.

Love said : "My Beloved I shall create ;"
 And there was tablet and pen.
 The pen wrote the command of God.
Sing hey ho for joy!

Shekh Sana recited the name of Rama,
 And in an Indian girl he found his Love,
 He worshipped an idol and burnt the Koran.
Sing hey ho for joy!

"I am the Truth", said Hazrat Mansūr,
 In his own mind he found his Love—
 That secret is difficult to tell*
Sing hey ho for joy!

Since I tried to know the secret of man's being
 And obeisance low I made,
 The angels have begun to dance for joy
Sing hey ho for joy!

* Lit. As subtle a secret as an untwisted thread is frail.

yāra gaḥḥavo divaye
 āshkāra drāvaye
 sūraṭan maṇz ḥāvaye
 chus Muhammad nāvaye

“kuntu kanzan” āvaye
 jalva mārān drāvaye
 “nahnu akrab” bāvaye
 yāra gaḥḥavo divaye

pārī-mas mē nāvaye
 lachi-bādī chis nāvaye
 kyāh bo dimāsay nāvaye
 yāra gaḥḥavo divaye

hā gachto kāvay
 myānī vantas grāvay
 sīna muḥarīth hāvaye
 yāra gaḥḥavo divaye

—Khwaja Habib

Nandālāl āv gindane rās
 āra kārī-ve āray

āraḥval dāz lolānāray
 āraḥval¹ kór vanvās
 āraḥval² phīr āraāray
 āra kārī-ve āray

1. Var. ararastīl=The Cruel One. 2. Var. arakac=The Love-lorn.

29

*Friend, we will go to the festival*¹.
 He has manifested Himself,
 And is incarnate in human form:
 His name is Muhammad.

He, "the Hidden Treasure," has shown Himself,
 And comes trailing splendour;
 He is "nearer than our life-vein" to us.
Friend, we will go to the festival.

I have recited His names,
 Countless are they,
 Say, how shall I call him?
Friend, we will go to the Festival.

Go, dear crow,
 Convey to Him my complaints,
 I would open my heart to Him.
Friend, we will go to the Festival.

30

Nandalāl is come to dance,
Make a ring, make a ring.

The wild rose is aflame with love,
 It has taken to the woods,
 It has wandered by the brooks.
Make a ring, make a ring.

1. at Hazrat Bal.

dihidārikayi mañz vārāy
 vuchive khelavun rās
 dāri muṇarīth nav dāray
 āra kārI-ve āray

kārive sōndar nāray
 rōhv karānuk abyās
 Shāmaśōndar bozi vāray
 āra kārI-ve āray

lāri kyāh yēmi samsāray
 sāsan kārive sās
 akh dayināv tāri tāray
 āra kārI-ve āray

Kṛaṣhnas sātI lōkaçāray
 Kṛaṣhnajuva kar athavās
 yi chu lōkaçār dōh tāray³
 āra kārI-ve āray

—Krishna Rāzdān

31

sāmiv karav athavās
 pākiv rās gindāne

shērēth sāmpanI kunī rāth
 Gūpīnāth naçani lōg
 vāhar dōh gav pāhar mās

3. Var. gindanekI chi y dōh taray—Thy time for play is three short days.

In the mansion of the body,
 See, a dance is going on
 With all its nine windows open.
Make a ring, make a ring.

O maidens beautiful,
 "On with the dance";
 Shyāmasundar will enjoy it greatly.
Make a ring. make a ring.

What of this world will go with us?
 Let us, then, spend profusely.
 Lord's name alone can ferry us across.
Make a ring, make a ring.

From thy childhood, O Krishnaju¹,
 Dance hand in hand with Lord Krishna;
 Youth will last but three short days.
Make a ring, make a ring.

31

Come, let us join hand in hand
 And let us go out for the *ras*-dance.

Six months passed like a single night
 When the Lord of Gopis began to dance—
 A year flew as a day and a month as an hour.

1.—The poet himself.

yēth bālapānas dimav çuhāh
yūthuy dōhāh gānīmath
sāsas yōgas karav sās

shurēn baçan labikani sāvith
vachitala trāvith neravnā
satI-hēth bēni pōph māj mās

dāribar vaçha trāvith nerav
vath lāb ta mastāṇavath pherav
dayilola rōst kyāh layi atālās

vāniv kas chuva Kṛaṣhnun lol
zuvuk zuv ta kāmI kyāh çol
nivavun man divavun vėkās

tōhi kati son-hyuh banyova hāl
ada kati zānyūn tōhI Nandālāl
neravnā pāarith vōlās

āsI kamibāpath karav tyāg
asi gaçhi āsun Kṛaṣhnun rāg
suy gav taph zaph yūgabyās

katha sāni mahāmanthar zān
vuchun son zān vōtam dyān
khyōncōn son bōd vōpavās

We will make the most of life while young—
 Blessed indeed are the days of youth—
 A thousand eras we will dance away.

We will lull to sleep our children,
 From our bosoms weaned away, and
 Go forth with our sisters, mothers and aunts.

Quick! and leave the doors and windows
 open;
 We know the way to Him and, like mad, we
 will go;
 Save God's love what will riches avail us?

Say, who long for Krishna dear?
 Who love him as the life of life? Who
 have suffered for
 The Stealer of Hearts and the Giver of
 Ecstasy?

You have not suffered as we have suffered,
 How then can you know Nandalāl?
 Shall we not go bedecked to meet Him?

Why shall we renounce the world?
 We will bring devotion unto Krishna.
 That is austerity enough and Yogic meditation.

Our casual words are mighty spells;
 Our wayward glance, meditation sublime;
 Our eating and drinking, a holy fast.

kathə gayi nəŋgalith athə rūzith
kan china tas bən hēkan būzith
saṅkalpan hund kōr sənIyās

yithēv harshēv khēy kōr shūkan
kati bani maṅz lūkālūkan
yēchavāni acharacha vaykōnthavās

Vōṛavāsh vash kār nācānan
gash gos pushpyos vaçānan
vuchI vuchI viḡani gayi vanvās

kāyādārith chuh māyātīth
yūguk chuh sāmī būguk hīth
būgīth chuh nērmal ta nērabyās

apārI nādāh yēpārI vādāh
çöpārI Rādhākrāshin chuy
prathkāṅsi sṭin kārith athavās

rātas doh gav dohas rāth
naçan chuh shāmas sṭI prabāth
pānay sāmpun kālas grās

—Krishna Rāzdān

Struck dumb and motionless,
 We hear nothing but speaks of Him—
 Our thoughts, desires, and wills renounced.

Such bliss all sorrow kills;
 Where amid the many worlds can it be had?
 Even the fairies of Paradise long for it.

Our dance hath bewitched Urvashi;
 Our songs have struck her dumb;
 Fairies have fled to woods for shame.

Beyond māyā, He yet wears a phenomenal
 form;
 Lord of *yoga*, He yet appears to be a lover
 of *bhoga*;
 Enjoying all objects, He yet is pure and
 actionless.

A call here and a shout there,
 Rādhākṛishna is everywhere,
 Hand in hand with everyone!

Night passes into day and day passes into
 night,
 The evening dances with the morn,
 And thus we devour the devouring Time.

āras mañz açavay
vagine zan naçavay

lāgos posh pūze
Krashnājuv nēndari vuze
vōparas kas paçavay

lājhas tani tanay
shāhlekḥ hanihanay
kamav premav haçavay

vanas mañz nanāvāre
çhārān Krashnāpyāre
kanēv tāpav taçavay

pāmpur shamahas path
taran kyāḥ chuh karan gath
mātis path kār maçavay

ashikani mōkhta hāran
chē lādan mōkhta hāran
tūlī tūlī zan raçavay

yi pad kyāḥ chuh vanun krūṭḥ
su parmānaṇḍ kāmī dyūṭḥ
vuchith vōnmut kaçavay

We will join the ring
And like fairies we will dance.

With flowers we will worship Him,
So may He waken up from sleep:
How can we trust anyone but Him?

Those maidens ardently in love
Locked him in a close embrace,
And in every limb felt refreshed and cool.

They went forth, barefoot, to the woods
In quest of Krishna dear—
A hot sun above and heated stones beneath.

The moth round the candle
Goes wheeling by and burns itself,
So danced these ardent maidens round their
Sportive Love.

They shed tears like pearl,
Which put to shame the best of pearls
Each cut to the weight of a fine *rati*.

How hard it is to tell the secret word!
Who has known the Highest Bliss?
And having known it, how few have told of it?

rāṣamandālis cēth premuk mas
 sāṣabaza maṣagāmaṣa naṣanas
 akhākiṣ athavāsa lāyān āṣa nādā
 Rādhā Rādhā Rādhā Rādhākrishnāji

tātI āmaṭI tātI-mātI gāmaṭI
 nyāy ānṣarith pāyas pemaṭI
 Narud Sōdām Shōkdīv ta Prahlādā
 Rādhā Rādhā Rādhā Rādhākrishnāji

yēndraḷūk kitha vānI-ze Bindarāban
 nēndri-andar tyuth chinaṣ deshan
 gājmaṣ tati sārini dihiṣpādā
 Rādhā Rādhā Rādhā Rādhākrishnāji

yiṣ gav bakhtbāvanā yūg jnān
 pāṇamyāni nēshI-cay kārith tiy mān
 āthI dōpuk vyōthānas maṇz samādā
 Rādhā Rādhā Rādhā Rādhākrishnāji

In the ring of dance, drunk with the wine of
 love,
 Thousands of them mad on dance and play,
 Hand in hand interlocked, shouted they:
 "Rādhā, Rādhā, Rādhā, Rādhākrishnaji!"

Their confusions cleared and doubts removed,
 Thither had come, mad in ecstasy,
 Nārada, Sūdāma, Shukdeva, Dhruva and
 Prahlādā, shouting:
 "Rādhā, Rādhā, Rādhā, Rādhākrishnaji!"

With Bindraban of those days you could
 not compare the abode of Indra;
 Yea, you could not even dream of the like
 of it:
 All those present were freed from the bondage
 of flesh.
 Rādhā, Rādhā, Rādhā, Rādhākrishnaji!

This our dance is devotion, faith, *yoga* and
jnana,
 O my soul, realize this truly:
 This is verily a *samadhi* in wakeful activity.
 Rādhā, Rādhā, Rādhā, Rādhākrishnaji!

kulI-kaçh ta kani munI muçarāvith
 sīṇamaṇṇa bāvakaI sīr bāvith
 GūkalakI mōkht gāmaṭI dādāpardādā
 Rādhā, Rādhā, Rādhā, Rādhākṛishnaji !

rās gav yēti samī rasasamadur
 rās gav yēti çami çōk ta mōdur
 rās gav zi rūdmuṭ āsi na aparādā
 Rādhā Rādhā Rādhā Rādhākṛishnāji !

Trees, plants, even stones, opened their eyes
 And laid bare the secrets of their loves.
 In Gokul all attained to *mukti*, even their
 forefathers.

Rādhā, Rādhā, Rādhā, Rādhākrishnaji !

Ras is where love's expanse broadens into an
 ocean ;

Ras is equipoise mid sour and sweet ;

Ras is where there is no trace of sin.

Rādhā, Rādhā, Rādhā, Rādhākrishnaji !

PART II

34

bahār āv nav bahār āv
 khōsh havā dilākiy gamgosa trāv
 raṅg-baraṅg nāvi kar kosman krāv
 bahār āv nav bahār āv

hiy che dapān zambahas mē chu āmatāv
 dāg hyōt gulālan sōnaposhas chu cāv
 māri āmi hameshi-bahāri phīri phīri āv
 bahār āv nav bahār āv

35

raṅga raṅga sārī gul āy
 madāno kati cāni jāy

ra'nā zebā gulāb āy
 shab-boy mānziposh sōnaposh drāy¹
 kāripāti tā sōmbālan kār grāy
 madāno kati cāni jāy

—(Khwaja Habib)

1. Var. Shab-boyi manza sonaposh dray.

PART II

34

Spring, the new spring!
 A happy breeze is blowing! Of heartaches
 and sorrows think no more.
 Gather violets and tulips of many hues.
 Spring, the new spring!

The Jasmine says to the White Rose, "I have
 grown pale".
 The Red Poppy shows its scar; the *Sonaposh*
 is full of elation;
 And see how the Daisy smites us with love: he
 comes and goes and comes and goes again.
 Spring, the new spring!

35

Flowers have blossomed in all their hues,
 Love, where are you?

The rose has come, graceful and lovely,
 The tuberose, the balsam, and the *Sonaposh*
 have bloomed¹,
 The larkspur and the hyacinth burst daintily
 into bloom,
 Love, where are you?

1. Var. The *Sonaposh* has shone forth from the odorous night.

āv bahār bolu bulbulo
son vōla barāvo shādī

drāv kaṭhkōsh grōṣa pān chalo
zara ṣaḷanay vandaḱī dādī
vuzu nēndare vuni chā sulo

kāv kumri vuchI poshnūlo
āy nālan zan phārI-yādī
bāv vōndaḱI gamgosa gulo

nāv hiyitan neru sōmbulo
hēth zāmīnas khati āzādī
pyāla hēth chay yēmbarzalō

ṣāv soṇt tay nab gav khulo
būṭarāṣ pēṭh ṣālI phasādī
tekābatāne ta yirI-kimI phōlo

nāv tan man trāv zalzalō
drāv shihul poñ kami nāgarādī
khasu Parbat¹ ta vasu Tulmulo¹.

—Prakash Ram

1. Famous shrines of Kashmiri Hindus,

Spring is come, sing thou, O *Bulbul*;
Let us celebrate the advent of spring.

Frost is gone. Let us wash our limbs and
body clean,
Let us wash away our winter misery.
Get up, get up, is it early still?

See, the *kav*, the *kumri* and the *poshnool*'
Have filled the glens with their wailings;
Come, O Rose, thou too confide in us thy
winter griefs and sorrows.

Show thy delicate form, O Hyacinth, and
spread.
Thy message of freedom for the earth:
The Narcissus is holding her cup for thee.

Spring is come and the sky is clear,
Winter's confusion has vanished from the
earth;
Daffodils and meadow-saffron are in bloom.

Let us cleanse our bodies and minds,
Let us cast away all fear—
Again from wondrous springs refreshing waters
flow,
Again may we visit our sacred shrines.

1. The crow, the dove, and the golden oriole.

yěti pěn varshan tátI phal bavantay
sontay son āv sontīrāy

sosan gultūrI yirI-kimI zěntay
vōla kar yěmbarzālI kosman krāv
cila drāv handiposhI kulimI hyót vantay
sontay son āv sontīrāy

děka pěṭha guṃa chim mōkḥta zan harān
bāl chas karān kosman krāv

Shālāmār bihith. pyāla chas barān
bo dāla chas nivān yūrI vātēm yār
yāras kiça poshan māl̄a chas karān
bāl chas karān kosman krāv

Ishābār bihith shīshā chas barān
bo kesh chas pārān yūrI vātēm yār
yāras kiça poshan māl̄a chas karān
bāl chas karān kosman krāv

—Haba Khotūn .

37

Wherever the rains come, there grow crops
and fruits in plenty.

Wherever spring comes, thither comes Love,
the lord of spring.

The iris, the lily, and the meadow-saffron
will sprout soon,

Come, O Narcissus, enjoy the bloom¹.

Winter is gone; the dandelion and the
viburnum have blossomed in the woods.

Spring is come, and Love, The lord of spring,
is come too.

38

The sweat of my brow are dropping like pearl;
I am a lovely maiden, gathering violets for
Love.

At Shalimar I am filling wine-cups;
I leap for joy, for my Love will come to me.
I am weaving garlands of flowers for Love.

At Ishabar I am filling goblets of wine;
I am braiding my tresses, for my Love will
come to me.

I am weaving garlands of flowers for him,
A lovely maiden am I, gathering violets
for Love.

1. Lit: gather violets. Kosam=violets or flowers generally.

39

páhāj-kūrī hā braga-tīrī
chāvtay nīrī achiposh

páhāj khāçakhay vöganēn bālan
nālan lāgith posh
vōlI-ve söndārēv rōv hay karāvay
çaṭavay nīrī achiposh

40

sāmI-tave viginēv rōv hay karāvay,
rōv hay karāvay
saṅgarmālan çhāye lo lo,
çhāye lo lo
sōṇasaṇdI zānpāṇa mökhataṭvI jālar,
mökhataṭvI jālar.
sadaṭaṭvI karasay pāye lo lo,
pāye lo lo
ora yēli yiyam tay bronṭṭahay neras,
bronṭṭahay neras
saṭI hēth çonza tay dāye lo lo,
dāye lo lo,

—Mahmūd Gāmi

Thou Shepherd Lass, O thou Heron Feather,
Disport thyself amongst the meadow *achiposh*.

O Shepherd Lass, how airily thou goest up
the low hills,
With flowers thy collar bedecked!
Come, lovely maids, let us dance and
Gather the meadow *achiposh*.

Come, O fairies, let us dance, *let us dance*,
Sheltered from light while yet the peaks
are aglow with rosy dawn, *with rosy dawn*.
I will make for my Love a gold palanquin,
a gold palanquin,
With fringes of pearl and ivory posts, *and*
ivory posts.
And when he arrives, I will come out to meet
him, *I will come out to meet him*.
Accompanied by many friends and maids,
my many friends and maids.

doh lög darə ta kas chakh prārān
 çoh dāy bāliye lo lo karān

mārI-mānz dīthmakh ārI-mānzI tarān
 asəvənI kosam dīthI-may harān
 lastam ta āstam nigāhāh karān
 çoh dāy bāliye lo lo karān

—Mirza Akmal-ud-Din

vantay lūciy kor gaçhakh çīrI¹ kuniy zāniye
 laṭha pūçe çata mārān çīrI kuni zāniye

āriy āriy khaçāyakh āriy āriy vaçhāyakh
 akāhatēn dakāmārān çīrI kuniy zāniye

Rəshimālyun khaçāyakh grāyi mārān
 vaçhāyakh
 RāmbI āras tāra tarān çīrI kuniy zāniye

1. Var. or==thither.

The day lingers.

Whom art thou waiting for, O youthful maid,
in thy voluptuous beauty, singing so
merrily?

I see thee lovesick, crossing a rivulet,
O Smiling One, thy smile scattereth violets
abroad.

May thou be spared long, O sweet maid, and
May I ever find favour in thine eyes!

Say, dear lass, whither art thou going so
late, alone?

With thy white *dupatta* wantonly fluttering
in the wind, thou goest so late, alone!

Along the rivulet banks thou goest,

Along the rivulet banks thou returnest,
Brushing past thy lovers cruelly, so late, alone!

To the Festival at Rishimol's thou goest,
and now so coquettishly returnest,

Wading across the Rāmbāra so late, alone!

vānI dimay ārabalan
 yāra kuni melakhnā
 (vānI dimay āravalan
 dubāra yāra melakhnā)

lajI phulay āravalan
 yāra didār hāvakhnā
 chiv* lógum masvalan
 yāra kuni melakhnā

—Haba Khotūn

lājI phulay aṇḍavanān
 çë kanan góynā myon
 lājI phulay kolāšaran
 vóthū nīrēn khasavo
 phōj yosman aṇḍavanān
 çë kanan góynā myon

—Haba Khotūn

bahāriy gul phóI sāriy
 bozi hāriy poshinūlanI zār
 vanāvóth kóstūr dód ashkānāriy
 siyāh kórun panun pān
 balinā bulbulas āshkābemāriy
 bozi hāriy poshinūlanI zār

* Var. choh.

43

In quest of thee I wander about the hill-streams,

Shall I find thee nowhere, my Love?
(I will search the wild jasmine woods for thee,
Shall I not meet thee once again, my Love?)

The wild yellow rose has bloomed
Wilt thou not show thy face, Love?
'Beauty's fairest paragons' are in their prime,
Shall I find thee nowhere, my Love?

44

The distant meadows are in bloom,
Hast thou not heard my plaint?
Flowers bloom on mountain lakes,
Come, let us to mountain meads;
The lilac blooms in distant woods,
Hast thou not heard my plaint?

45

The spring flowers have all blossomed,
O *Myna*¹, hear the plaint of *Poshinool*²!

*Kostur*³ came down from the happy woods
And was charred with the fire of love;
He turned black—think of that, my Love!
Will the lovesick *Bulbul* not find a cure?
O *Myna*, hear the plaint of *poshinool*!

1. Starling. 2. Golden Oriole. 3. Tickell's Thrush.

kāvinI p̄arith nimāyo grāvo
hā mati yāvanrāyo ve

bahār āvtay sañz lóg nāvan
Sōna Lānki vatharay bo
shokā cāni zūlāh zālay raṅganāvan
hā mati yāvanrāyo ve

—Khwaja Habib

hā vōlo mōnI ho vaṇḍayo pādan
ādanbāji myāni yāro ve

ādanā āsas reñzalaḥ nādān
yāvanas kaḍar no zāniy mē
ditāmo darshun cham cānI lādan
ādanbāji myāni yāro ve

kukile p̄arI kavā trāvith kōḷarādan
dukale vōṇḍa myon gav
mē kale cāne brāntI gāmo nādan
ādanbāji myāni yāro ve

46

Like a crow I shall fly to thee with plaints,
O Love, the lord of my youth!

Spring is come and boats are sought;
I shall spread a seat for thee at the Isle of Gold⁴,
I shall illuminate multi-coloured boats for
thee,
My Love, the lord of my youth!

47

I will lay the very apples of my eyes at
thy feet, O come,
My Love, companion of my youth!

When young I played with trinkets,
Fool that I was,
And did not prize my youth;
But now I pine for thee. Show thyself,
My love, companion of my youth!

Like a *kukil*-dove thou didst move along
the wandering rills,
And distraction filled my heart;
Beguiled by love, I fancied thou wert
calling me,
My love, companion of my youth!

4. Sona Lank in Dal Lake.

çento laḍarI posh phôlI kölarādan
 az chum ādan vātaḥamay
 dihamay darshun sar vaṇday pādan
 ādanbāji myāni yāro ve

—Arnimāl

48

mě shoka yāraṣandi bārI mas-pyālata
 ālav dītose

taravāni maraḡe vaṣavāni bālata
 āhiy nītose
 kyāh kara niyīnam haraṇāni ḡhālata
 ālav dītose

kanda tay nābada bārI-mas thālata
 raṅga raṅga nītose
 jod gav āshkan dod kētha ḡālata
 ālav dītose

—Arnimāl

49

mě hiyi poshan mālā karēm
 cāni lolare
 shrōnI-dār sōṇaṣaṇṇa buṅḡari ḡarēm
 cāni lolare

53

Think of *Ladarposh* bloom along the rivulet
banks—

This is the time I look for thee.

Wert thou to come and show thyself,

I would lay down my life for thee,

My Love, companion of my youth!

48

For the love of my sweetheart I filled
wine-cups.

Go and call out to him.

Across meadows and down hillsides,

My tender thoughts attend him!

Like a deer he bounded away, ah me!

Go and call out to him.

Dishes of sugar-loaf and candy sweet I filled,

Many and various—pray, offer these to him.

Smitten am I—how can I endure the anguish
of love?

Go and call out to him.

49

Jasmine wreaths I weave

For the love of thee.

I wear gold bangles, jingling sweet,

For the love of thee.

yīd āyi gaçhakh kót
 kavaḡ gokh gindanas mót
 mati rozu damāh roza darēm
 cāni lolare

cāni puçhI rāvaṛēm rāçiy
 kăçāh gayas āra-kăçay
 nūraḡi vakhtay sūra parēm
 cāni lolare

—Rasul Mir

50

mē kari taskiça poshan mālata
 chāvinā hiy

hāvasaḡ bārI-mas madăkhāsI vārata
 yiyinā karasay vōri mañz jāy
 darshanaḡ tahande bāl sandārataḡ
 chāvinā hiy
 chas myānI dray

—Arnimāl

51

kar vēsI madun yiyi mē sāla
 poshan taskiça kari mē mālā
 yāvun osum pūrkamāla
 mas cath masachiv rātnas nāla

The 'Id is come, where wilt thou go?
 Prithee, why so fond of play?
 Love, stay awhile, I kept the fasts
For the love of thee.

For thee I waited many nights,
 And how I pined away!
 At the rosy dawn prayers I said
For the love of thee.

50

I weave garlands of flowers for him—
 Will he not disport himself 'mid jasmine?
 For Love I filled wine cups to the brim,
 O were he to come!
 In my bosom I would place him;
 And my love-lorn youth would be happy
 again.
 Will he not disport himself 'mid jasmine—
 For my sake?

51

Dear friend, when will Love accept my
 invitation?
 I have woven garlands of flowers for him.
 I was in the very prime of youth
 When, drunk with wine, my Love caught
 me in an embrace
 (And cast his spell on me).

rasa vōlay vōlay vōlay sōndārI-ye
masakhāsI hay bārI-may çe

vuṭh chiy raçaphālI dañd mōkhtaṃālay
māsam hōñji kyāh kosam hārI-ye
rasa vōlay vōlay sōndārI-ye

āsmān khāçkhay hāy rāngaçārI-ye
vasakhay pāṇa kiṇa lāgay vāḷabārI-ye
rasa vōlay vōlay sōndārI-ye

—Khwāja Habib

ho karayo ho ho karayo
myāni yāro ho ho karayo

asavāni māshokā asi-kun sāthā
rasa vōḷa masakī khāsI barayo
ho karayo ho ho karayo

dūre āham nūrāṇa trāvān
durdāṇa sōṇakanādūr garayo
ho karayo ho ho karayo

—(Aziz Khan)

Come, O come trippingly, Love,
I have filled goblets brimful for thee.

Thy lips are coral beads,
Thy teeth are rows of pearl,
Dimples scatter violets on thy guileless face.
Come, O come trippingly, Love.

My Titling, thou hast flown to the skies.
Come down or I'll spread birdlime for thee.
Come, O come trippingly, Love.

Love, I'll sing thee a lullaby,
I'll sing thee a lullaby.

My winsome Love, come trippingly to me
this once,
I'll fill thee wine-cups,
I'll sing thee a lullaby.

Thou comest trailing splendour from afar,
I'll make thee gold ear-rings, my Pearl,
I'll sing thee a lullaby.

58

54

myāni madan hiyo hiyo
cham cānI lādan

hā yiyo yiyo
darshun diyo diyo
cham cānI lādan

ādanaṇ cēysatI karyām vāday
vāḍa kavā ḍolham piyo piyo
cham cānI lādan.

—Arnimāl.

55

yitaṭ yitaṭ yāro yito
hitaṭ drāyas gari ta vāy
hiy phōlyā bēyi yito
ḍevaṭ bāl daraṭ ta vāy
mārI-maṇḍi myāni zār bozto
kāli gaṇṇa baraṭ ta vāy

—Jum Navhatta

56

kar lagan cānI kadam sāni āṅgan
sheri hēmāyo vōlo
bo drāyas dardaṭ cāne
pardaṭ ṇaṭih bēyi yitāmo vōlo
bo do Hīmāl āṣaṣ
bāl māṇṇaṣ poshi tulay ho vōlo

—Arnimāl

54

My Love, my Jasmine, my Jasmine,
I long for thee.

Come, O come,
And show thyself;
I long for thee.

I plighted, when young, my troth to thee,
Why didst break thy troth, O sweet, O dear?
I long for thee.

55

Come Love, pray come,
I left my home for thee.
Will jasmine bloom again? O come,
I may yet live.
Loved One, hear my plaint:
Time soon will wither me, alas!

56

When will thy feet touch my courtyard?
I would place them on my head, O come!
For love, I left my home and hearth
And tore the veil, O come!
I was a famous beauty once, and now,
I have faded¹ in my teens, O come!

1. Lit. I am reduced to the weight of a flower.

57

kar rāngim karvātēm
 sārī sāmāṇa vōlo
 shar kāstam sar bo vanday
 cēy rōst dēn kâhI baray
 dūrēr con no zaray

—Haba Khātūn

58

mē kārI-mas poshan dastay
 kar yiyam bālī bālayār
 dādi tahande dil gom khastāy
 kar hāvēm bālī dīdār

ruṭhI-mātis tas yāraṣay
 vānI-tose myānI vīlāzār
 yiyi natay myānI dray chasay
 karāhsay sar nisār

bumbākamāni cilā kyāh chusay
 tīr lāynam beshumār
 sīnaṣipar dāryāmasay
 kōrnamay bālī shikār.

—Haba Khātūn

61

57

I dyed my hands in henna—
When will he come?
It's Love should come to me, bedecked.
Come, still my craving,
I am dying for thee:
Without thee how shall I fill my days?
I cannot endure separation from thee.

58

I have made posies on posies for him,
When will the Loved One come to me?
Pining for him I have broken my heart,
When will the Loved One come to me?

Convey my wailings to my Love,
And, pray, let him be reconciled;
Should he tarry, conjure him in my name
I would lay down my life for him.

How tensely drawn are his eyebrows!
Many a missile he shot at me.
I bared my bosom for a shield
And now a stricken victim lie.

62

59

dāmāna bōdum ashi mati
kāmaṇI prārān dōh gom
sāmāna gāṇḍith āyēs
yūt kyāh çě lóguy nashi mati
pāman lājthas kyāh kara
kāmaṇI prārān dōh gom

—Arnimāl

60

kāvaraṅg kōrtham hāvu dīdāro
yāro lol ho ām conuy
chāṇḍān lūsas gāma-shahāro
dechām sāriy çey hyuh na hānh
tani tōph lāytham guli-bōmbūro
yāro lol ho ām conuy.

61

cāni bartal rāvēm rāçay
āvāz vāçay no
khāsI vōzālI barga chàçay
chas sōrgaç yēmbarzal
kālI melav kayāmāçay
āvāz vāçay no
vanahā yac āshkaṇi brāñçay
kan thāvto Mahmūdas
kaman sūrtan gaçhān mēçay
āvāz vāçay no

—Mahmūd Gāmi

59

The hem of my robe is drenched with
 tears, Love;
 Waiting and yearning, my days drag.
 I came bedecked;
 Prithee, why so proud, Love?
 I have become an object of taunts, ah me!
 Waiting and yearning, my days drag.

60

Thou hast turned me black as the raven,
 Come, and show thyself to me.
 Love, I yearn for thee.
 Weary I grew, looking for thee 'mid country
 and town.
 I have found none like thee.
 Thou hast stung me, O Wasp-bee;
 O come, I yearn for thee.

61

At thy door I waited for nights on nights,
 Did you not hear me wail?
 With bells red and petals pale
 I am a divine narcissus (waiting for thee);
 It's a long long time to the Judgement-day.
 I would sing many a song for love,
 Pray, lend thy ears to Mahmūd—
 What lovely forms must turn to dust!
 Did you not hear me wail?

gāñ gāñ mo kar hā yāndaro
 kanarēn phālilay malayo
 rabi tala kār tulu hā sōmbulo
 yēmbarzal pyāḷa hēth prārān chay
 hiyithār chastay dubārā phōḷayo

—Arnimāl

āchI mē losam dārēṭa-bārI-ye
 sōndārI-ye son yikhnā
 shēchi soḷahay mañza chim ṭharI-ye
 sōndārI-ye son yikhnā

zālI-pañjirac hāy rañgaṇārI-ye
 ālI lañjinay yerakhnā
 kālI pañjaray rozan ṇārI-ye...

nāḷa camāṇac tāḷa babārI-ye
 sāḷa vōdi haṅga loguthnā
 rashk con niv mushk ambārI-ye...

khasaṇaI hāy poshethārI-ye
 asaṇun kyāh con rōkhsār
 dūrI sagaḡānī tūrI mā bārI-ye...

—Makbūl Shāh.

Do not murmur and grumble, O Spinning-wheel,
 Thy straw-rings¹ I shall oil.
 Raise thy head from under the earth, O
 Hyacinth,
 Narcissus is looking for thee with cups of
 wine.
 Once faded, will the jasmine bloom again?

My eyes are aching: I have been looking
 for thee from doors and windows,
 Wilt thou not come to me, Love?
 For the obstacles in my way messages of
 love cannot reach thee,
 Wilt thou not come to me, Love?
 O thou pretty cage-ling,
 Wilt thou not build thy nest on the bough
 outside?
 Death soon will empty all the cages.
 O thou fresh basil of the garden of love,
 O thou envy of fragrant ambergris,
 Dost thou need to adorn thy brow?
 O thou flowering creeper,
 Thy face happy smiles doth wear,
 Thy breasts are brimful with love.

1. Rings made of straw in which the spindle is fixed.

yi chu duniyā navikhōta nov-ye lo lo
 kari bāliye yāvanas rov-ye lo lo
 yāradāde kyāh banyāv pāmpūras
 shamahas path devāna gov-ye lo lo....¹
 yaradāde kyāh banyāv bōmbūras
 yēmbarzali path devāna gov-ye lo lo....
 yaradāde kyāh banyāv Bombūras
 Lolare path devāna gov-ye lo lo...
 yaradāde kyāh banyāv NāgI-rāyas
 Hīmāli path devāna gov-ye lo lo...

asimay rosh hāriye
 āsI hay lolan māriye

kyāh banyāv Pharhādas
 Shīrīni path devāna gav
 tāml ti saṅgalāth vāliye
 asimay rosh hāriye

kyāh banyāv Majnūnas
 Lāli path devāna gav
 tas no būz māji māliye
 asimay rosh hāriye

1. The refrain, *kari baliye yavanas rov-ye lo lo*, is repeated as indicated here.

This world is new, for ever and ever new,
O maiden dear, weave thy youth in a wreath
of dance.

For love the moth has to suffer
When he goes mad after the candle-flame.
For love the bee has to suffer
When it goes mad after the narcissus.
For love Bombur* had to suffer
When it went mad after Lolari*.
For love Nāgrāy* had to suffer
When he went mad after Himāl*.

Don't be cross, my Myna dear,
It's love has smitten me.

For Shirīn Farhād had to suffer:
For love he tore down the hill.
For Laila Majnūn had to suffer:
Her parents would not relent.

So don't be cross, my Myna dear,
It's love has smitten me.

*Lovers famous in Kashmiri legend.

pardā tālī jalva dyut māshokantay, māsho-
 kantay
 mē ta tas azaḷay ās milavantay, ās milavantay
 raṣhi saṭī kami sōni asi kōr ḥēntay, asi
 kōr ḥēntay
 rūṭhmut maṇavith vēsī antantay, vēsī antantay
 giṇḍanuy diṃṣay kaṇakuy sōntay, kaṇakuy
 sōntāy
 yina nishi nāshas yina kāñh sōntay, yini
 kāñh sōntay
 tas path roṃum sor āḍantay, sor āḍantay
 āmī lolāḥūran diṇnam santay, diṇnam santay
 thaph dith mushnam shīla vāsantay, shīla
 vāsantay
 āvaṛ ta vāvaṛ kār mē vāvantay, kār mē
 vāvantay
 hārnas hārnas zan pāhī-pantay, zan pāhī-
 pantay
 dilakuy hāl vōn Makābūlantay, Makābūlantay
 dādēv bārī-thay chas hanhantay, chas hanhan
 tay

— Makbul Shāh

Love's splendour shines beneath the veil,
beneath the veil;
 We were destined to be one, *we were destined*
to be one;
 Some rival has estranged him from me,
estranged him from me;
 Reconcile him to me, *O reconcile him to me;*
 I'll make him a gift of all my gold, *of all*
my gold;
 See that no rival keeps him away, *keeps*
him away;
 For Love I pined away my youth, *pined*
away my youth;
 That thief of love stole my heart, *stole*
my heart;
 At a single blow my heart he snatched,
my heart he snatched;
 The gust (of love) blowed me about, *blowed*
me about;
 Like the dry leaves in autumn, I fluttered
down, I fluttered down;
 Makbūl has laid bare his heart, *laid bare*
his heart;
 Every limb of his doth smart with love, *doth*
smart with love.

asI āy lārān lolə s̄atiy
 lo lāti lo
 chiy āshkəhādiy s̄atI s̄atiy
 lo lāti lo

arəzāh karəhay roz ātiy
 boztam ārizo
 matə losənāvtakh lūsI-mətiy¹
 lo lāti lo

āshakh chi vārāh lūsI-mətiy
 peməti yəkhso
 matə vuzənāvtakh nēndərihātiy
 lo lāti lo

kokal zəy cānI babəriphātiy
 na ta mā shab-bo
 kyāh chiy shubān kārīpātiy
 lo lāti lo

āho cāshI-mav mārI kətiy
 cāshI-mə cānI jādo
 dīshith harənav van rətiy
 lo lāti lo

ath sōmbul bāgas vānI mə ditiy
 rāvərim sārI doh
 yim āshkə tōngal pāmI tātiy
 lo lāti lo.

—Rósul Mír

1. Var. yim naz kadam trav sotiy.

We have hastened out of love to thee,
*lo lati lo*¹!

The love-lorn still do follow thee,
lo lati lo!

I would make suit to thee, O stay,
And, pray, hear my suit;
Do not wear out the way-worn, Love²,
lo lati lo!

Thy lovers, weary and worn out,
Have fallen by the way;
Do not wake up the sleep-laden,
lo lati lo!

On either side thy basil locks,
Thy luscious tuberoses
How they become thy lovely back!
lo lati lo

Thy gazelle eyes so many have killed,
Thy magic eyes enthrall,
The deer have fled to woods for shame.
lo lati lo

I scanned thy hyacinth garden well,
Spending days together,
The flame of love was lighted in me,
lo lati lo.

1. Lit. O my beloved, O!

2. Var. Walk thy gentle paces slowly,

72

68

moy con chu sômbul
hovuth kaman kaman
trovuth chẽ parayshan
bulbul mǎ saman saman
nāzaki khañjara sǎtI
āshakh mārith kǎtI
suy khūn ẵ mālith drākh naman naman
bīnī du bādām vasl-i shākh bumban bumban
nargis chẽ pur-mas bārI bārI lolǎ caman caman

69

āv bulbul byūth thari
dīl mǎ nyūnam sǎndǎri
nosh kōrnam nēndǎri
hosh kōrnam bāmbari
rāth dōh chas nazǎri
dīl mǎ nyūnam sǎndǎri

Thy tresses are a hyacinth,
 Thou hast displayed them to many, O so many!
 Thou hast untied and loosed¹ them
 Will *bulbuls* not assemble,
 so many, O so many!
 By thy airs and graces²
 Thou hast killed so many, O so many!
 And, thy finger-tips dyed in their blood,
 thou roamest:
 See'st thine almond-eyes and
 bough-like eyebrow arches cusped,
 And thy narcissus face, in full bloom,
 a very garden of love!

The *bulbul* sat on a bough,
 He ravished a maiden's heart,
 He robbed me of sleep,
 He scattered away my wits;
 Day and night I look for him.

1. Thus loosed they are a net for lovers.
 2. Lit. By the sword of thy airs and graces.

74

70

tōhi mā dyūṭhvan su hay
yemI bo dōhay gājnas

tulaḱatur lōgum pōhay
hāraṇI tāpan gājnas
joyan lājnas dōhay, yemI bo...

path nayēn āsaṣ bōhay
tōtuy votum tabardār
ganēn kōrnam tōhay, yemI bo...

—Haba Khotūn

71

gindaṇi drāyas turI gayas raṣith
dōhdari yānI lūsith gom

mālinI myānI arbāb āsI
tavay pyom Haba Khotan nāv
ātI mǎnzI drāyas barkā kāsI kāsI
sōr ālam ḱasith āv
vanākī taparēshI tapā āy vāsith
dohdari yānI lūsith gom

—Haba Khotūn

Did you not see him
Who smites me with love?

He exposed me to the frost of *Poh*¹,
He melted me in the hot sun of *Har*²,
He still makes me wander, like a running
brook, in quest of him.

I lived apart, a pine in the back-woods,
Thither my Woodcutter came
and found me out,
And felled me, and burnt the logs to ashes.

I left my home for play but returned not
When the day sank in the west.

I came of noble parentage
And made a name as Haba Khātūn.
I passed through crowds drawing tight my
veil,
But people flocked to see me,
And ascetics hurried out of woods;
When the day sank in the west.

76

72

lasa kami hāvasay
su nay chu hēvān
nāv tay nasay

örfa chu ālāmasay
yīd chě āshākasay
yāras róst yīd kōsay

āndarī āndarī zājnasay
tōndras lājnasay
māzas gom basābasay

shīn zan gājnasay
āran vājnasay
joyan lājnasay

73

věsiye gaçhtay astay astay
dastay karāsay poshenay
dārāyi tāryom taskyut mastay
su chumay pherān goshenay
su kavay rūdum goshenay
tas kati lōgmay parud mastay
(yiyi nata gaçhasay hiy-zan khastay)

—Haba Khotūn

What hope can keep me alive?
He doth not ever think of me.

The world observes Ramadan¹,
The lover celebrates the 'Id;
But there can be no 'Id when Love is away.

Love has consumed me from within,
He has cast me into a hot oven,
And is burning me to cinder.

Love has melted me like the snow,
He has fretted me like the hill-stream,
And has made me restless like the rills.

Go gently and call him, friend,
I've made posies of flowers for him.
Over passes² high I carried him wine,
But he is roaming 'mid sylvan glades?
O why is he roaming in the distant glades?
O where is he drunk with my rival's wine?
(Should he not come, like jasmine I'll fade;
Go gently and call him, friend.)

1. Lit. Urfa, the last day of the fasts, when the 'Id is anxiously awaited on the following day.

2. Lit. up Dara, at the foot of Mt. Mahadev,

yəs mə kórmay dil havālay
 gachta vəsl yūrl antane
 mārāmót antan savālay
 vāra lāgas tān tane
 sar bo karas pāyimāl
 gachta vəsl yūrl antane

çanānl-poshi raŋga hay dīthmas tan
 ça nōn no vānl-ze bozi ālam

doha aki tas ta mə mejāyi tan
 hā amob thāvnam sōy lādan
 ävyul mā sanyos myon hiye badan

ārifav tā aṣṣhakav racāy van
 māni būz Mansūrī nāra dāzas tān
 “analhaq” pōr tāml mañz mārakan

—Khwaja Habib

Whom I have entrusted with my heart,
 Go friend, and bring him back to me.
 I would press my body close to his,
 I would lay my head at his feet;
 Go friend, and bring him back to me.

I have seen his body :
 It is the colour of peach-bloom !
 Pray, let no one come to know of it.

Once his body and mine closed in an embrace—
 O it is that has filled me with longings
 keen !
 Did my jasmine body press too hard and
 hurt him ?

For love many devotees and lovers re-
 nounced the world
 And betook themselves to woods ;
 Mansūr alone realized love's true meaning,
 His body was set aflame ;
 "I am the truth," said he openly,
 He cared not for what people would say.

nata kãnsi nay zaraṇI aṣhkanI nāraṭatI
hā lātiy ça chāvtay nēndārihātiy posh

“analhaq” paryāv Mansūr mātI
gāphilav māni būzith zonus na kenh
tāmI dārapēṭḥa hyōtun yār panun sātI-sātI

yēli chum yāvun çetas pēvān
tēli cham yivān devānaḡi
āshakh bōmbur vyūr hēvān
phīrI-phīrI camānan vōn divān
yēli par ḡuḡanas chu vaṣith pēvān....

bani yēs kenh ārām na tas
mē chu pēvān kyāhtām çetas

lola kartāji chōkh yēs yiye
ābi hayāth tas no vaye
dor-davā dīdār chu tas

yēna tas yaraṣ-ṣaṇz kal gayam
nālI lolac hāṇkal gayam
taṇa chas bāl māsībatas

76

Who ever did endure the burns of love?
O maiden, enjoy flowers while yet they are
waking into bloom.

"I and my Love are one," said Mansūr,
People heard him but did not understand;
From the gallows he clung fast to his love
And proved his faith.

77

When I remember the days of youth,
I feel like mad.
How true a lover is the bee!
It sucks honey and knows no satiety:
It seeks out flowers in gardens,
again and again,
Till its wings fail and it falls down dead.

78

Whoever is in love, will know no peace:
I feel a tugging at my heart.

Whoever is wounded with the darts of love,
Ambrosia is no balm for him;
His only balm is a sight of Love.

Ever since I have been in love
I am a captive, bound hand and foot;
I feel the misery of it,
Even in the innocence of my youth.

Hasānas lola-tabas davā
keñh-na vaṣaḷaki mas-pyāla sivā
hā sākaṃyā dāmā ditā

—Gulām Hasan Ganāyi

loytham āshkun dāma
dilārāma dilbaro

mijitir cāni yēli āma
vanto káhi sandaro
mañdinēn kórtham shāma...

hiyitani pēyēm hāma
gaṇ gaṇ cāni bōmburo
tōph mo lāy siyāphāma....

—Akbar Baṭh

dil tāri kórtham dilbaray
vanto çe bēn dēn káhi baray

bāgas phōlmo ambaray
chāvāni vājām bōmburay
gām sārī poshan ambaray—

barbukā chas gāmaç baray
astam baray māray baray
yina cāni shādī kāçāh baray—

The poet is suffering from the fever of love,
 There's no cure save (the wine of)
 Love's embrace;
 O *Saki*¹, let me have a draught (of the wine).

79

Thou hast caught me in the noose, Love
 Thou art my only solace.

Thou throwest thine eyelashes at me,
 How can I bear the agony, Love?
 Thou hast turned my noonday into dusk.

A blight has befallen my jasmine body,
 Since thou hast gone away, humming by;
 O Wasp-bee, thou hast stung me too pitilessly.

80

Thou hast filled me with a yearning, Love,
 Without thee how shall I fill my days?

My garden is in full bloom,
 Wafting its rich fragrance abroad.
 I invited my Bee to enjoy the bloom,
 He did not come, and
 The flowers lie in an idle heap.

I am in my very prime,
 Voluptuous and ripe for love.
 O come, for thee a lambkin I'll kill;
 O the joy that will be mine when thou wilt come!

1. Cup-bearer, beloved.

roshi vōlā posh ho bo lāgay
gosh thāvtam vanāyo bo zārī

yēmbarzal chas¹ khumāra bārith
sharmi sātī kār bōnkun thāvith
harna gayi dar jaṅgal mārith
mārī āsī² cāni cāshe-khumārī

* * * *

yār gomay Pāmpārī vate
kōṅṅa poshav rōṭ nālamate
su chu tate bo chas yēte
Barsāhibo karāna³ bo zārī

Mohmūd Gāmi

lāj phulay bādāman
yār kaman gom mōtuy
roshi kārīmas poshi caman
dēva yiyām pōtuy
hāy pēyam yēmbarzalan
yār kaman gom mōtuy...

Come Love, heed my wailings,
I adore thee.

I am a narcissus, in full bloom,
For modesty I cannot tell my love.
Like a gazelle I roamed the wilds,
Till thy wanton eyes enthralled my heart.

* * * *

My Love took the road to Pampore, where
Saffron flowers locked him in their embrace.
He is there, and ah me! I am here—
Have I not cause to lament, my God?

Almond blossom is everywhere,
But where's my Love?
On whom has he set his heart?
I laid flower-beds for Love,
I hoped he would come back to me;
But he did not come and
My daffodils withered away.
Where's my Love
When almond trees are in bloom?

86

83

Lāj phulay kohādāmaṇaṇ
bādām drāy nānī
grāy kār tāml yāvaṇaṇ
shēchi vaninam kavaṇaṇ
kan thāvinā grāvaṇaṇ
bādām drāy nānī

84

bahāra phulayā phōjī sabazāran
kava zāna yāran tār kyāh gāyi
sōnan jāy rāt aṇdmazāran
tātī-bōna yāran nēndar pēyi
tim chi tati āsī yēti chi prāran ...

85

tas rōs madanas mēti kyāh provuy
nāhākay dil ti myon rovuy-ye
āyīna ḍabi myāni dāntuv zoluy
kukilav yūrhas oluy-ye
tas na madanas kānsi tiy bovuy,
nāhākay dil ti myon rovuy-ye

83

All hill-sides are in bloom
 And almond blossom is everywhere.
 I heard a crow whisper to me :
 "Thy Love hast fled from thee
 When spring is abroad and thou art in
 prime."
 Have I not cause to grieve,
 And should he not heed my plaint
 When hill-sides are in bloom
 When almond blossom is everywhere ?

84

The fields are green again in the spring ;
 Why should our friends be so late to come ?
 In far-off graveyards the iris is in bloom,
 It is there our friends have gone to sleep.
 They are there and, ah me ! we are here—
 waiting for them.

85

What am I worth now that my Love is
 away ?
 Have I given away my heart in vain ?
 My (body is a) balcony with glass-panes
 and ivory eaves.
 Where turtle-doves have woven their nest,
 (And filled it with amorous cooing for Love),
 But alas ! he does not know and keeps away.

kyāh karā rūdum su vanāṇay pherān
 sorān chumno āḍanuk sreh
 kukilā āśas thari ol yerān
 sontāci vuzāmali gāḍnam reh
 zulfāke grāyi satl gyūr chum gerān
 sorān chumno āḍanuk sreh

dūri rūdum aṇdūri vantay
 vantay vēsl yiyināsan
 dūri dōpnam gaḥavo vantay
 cūri rūdum maṇz lāsan
 mūri nār chum kāhl lalāvantay
 vantay vēsl yiyināsan

vanta kavay dūri rūdum
 yānl mē molum tūri cāndun
 dōbl-vāṇa cholum tā chōkum
 krūth pyom yāṛadod
 chaḷa-chōkh nāḥakay rāvam

86

He keeps away, roaming the woods, ah me!
 What can abate the ardour of my youth?
 I was a *kukil* weaving my nest on a bough,
 unconcerned.

When, in the springtime, lightning lit up
 a flame in me,
 And the curl of his locks whirled me in
 the eddy of love.

What can abate the ardour of my youth?

87

He held aloof, 'mid distant woods,
 Say friend, will he not come?
 He cried to me, "Let's to the woods";
 But he is fled far away¹ from me,
 And my bosom is burning with the fire
 of love.

Say friend, will he not come?

88

Say friend. why he kept away
 When I, a budding maiden, had bathed me
 in sandal-oil?
 At the wash-house I washed and rinsed
 my clothes.
 See how pitiless and cruel he was!
 He did not come,
 And all my washing and rinsing was in
 vain.

1. Lit. to far-off Lhasa.

89

völa myāni rindo
 çe patə drāyas gindāne
 nāvas lagay bo
 hāvasə-zuv chas vandāne
 vatə chas vuchān
 çe patə rāvəm nēndar tə neh
 hāvtam didār
 bo dūrərə cāni chas galāne

—Haba Khotūn.

90

gaçtə hay vəsI lola tahənde
 chamnə nēndar tə neh
 kəçəzūn zan kəji bo gəjnas
 vuchtə tās mā sreh
 bāli prachām lolə həkI-mas
 kyāh chu yēlāj mə
 torə dōpnam çe çe kərəni
 khūni-jigar cə
 yām vuchim zuluf tahəndI
 shām sapud mə
 ləni çūran vuna vājim
 kuni ām na neh

91

hā matay hārI-ye matay
 tas yāras patay rāvəm nēndar tə neh
 chōkh yārI loynam kartəji khatay
 chōkəṇəy yēlāj lōbum nə kənh
 chas chōkəlad lāras yāras patay
 tas yāras patay rāvəm nēndar tə neh

89

Come, my Hedonist,
 I came out to sport with thee.
 Thy very name I adore,
 I offer my dear life to thee,
 I keep gazing at thy path,
 I've lost all sleep and rest for thee.
 O come,
 Thine absence is wasting me.

90

Go to him, my friend,
 For Love I have no sleep nor rest.
 Like the pale wan moon, I am wasting away,
 See, he does not requite my love.
 I said to my Love,
 "Physician, what's the cure for me?"
 "No cure, thou must suffer," he said;
 "Thou must suck thy heart's blood".
 Since I saw his long black locks
 I've been overwhelmed with gloom;
 My thoughts are in a whirl,
 And I do not find any rest.

91

Come, O come, Myna dear:
 I have lost all sleep and rest,
 I have found no balm for the wounds of love.
 Wounded and stricken am I,
 Yet must I pursue my Love,
 For I have lost all sleep and rest.

mati shīnzan galayo
 balayo cāne yinay
 chañjām sārI jangalayo
 yita yūrI dēva balayo
 yikhnatay sūrho malayo
 balayo cāne yinay

bā ti no durēr con zaray
 bāl marāyo marāyo

chum khafa¹ lāray patā
 lāyay bronṭhanālas thaph
 dāmāṇa raṭay mahsharay....

sharmaṇḍa thāvthas āphtābo
 kārtikāc zūn
 kājI cāni gājis lājsa daray....

hāriṇji bumbā cāni
 lāyān rumarumay tīr
 vāliṇji kārI-nam pañjiray....

Love, I waste away like melting snow,
 I can recover only if thou wilt come.
 I have scanned the woods in quest of
 thee ;
 If thou wilt come, I may revive,
 Or else, I'll despair and die.

I shall die through thy neglect, Love ;
 I cannot bear separation from thee.

I cannot rest ;
 I must pursue thee,
 I must hold thee fast by the collar of thy robe ;
 Canst thou escape me at the Judgement-day ?

I am the *Katik'* moon,
 Thou art my Sun.
 Yearning for thee, I have waned ;
 I wait expectantly for thee.

Thy brows, "bended bows",
 Dart arrows every moment at me
 And make a lattice of my heart,
 Piercing numberless holes in it.

bo sharmi gājis shar mē gomo
kar mē zonum hāy
az kōr mē karmālon, saray....

yēth lolābāgas zakhmi dil gul
sarvā chu myon āh
ashivāni sātī joyi phiray....

hēsā vēsarāvthas mārāmatyo
vēsā kamū chay
timā chā myāni khōṭa sōndaray....

—Rasul Mīr.

bulbul phirākavānī dyū gulan
antan su madanvār

khumār kyā chus yēmbārzalan
harnan karān shikār
shikāra tahānde jaṅgal alan....

rāh kyā lōdnām mē gāphilan
bozān chum no zār
mārī āsī tamī-sandī tagophulan....

subuh āv tay nūr ho phōlan
sārī chī vōmedvār
nazāre tahānde bemār balan....

For a long while I realized not
 The pain and disgrace of unrequited love ;
 But now I know fate has overtaken me.

In the garden of love the wounds of my
 heart are the flowers,
 And my sighs are the cypress,
 With tears of mine I shall fill the garden
 brooks.

Thou hast benumbed my senses, Love,
 Who are thy friends ?
 And are they lovelier than I ?

94

O lovelorn *bulbul*, scan the flowers,
 And bring unto me my Love.

A glance shot from his eyes doth slay the deer,
 How wanton are his eyes !

Forests quake, deer shake with fear
 When ahunting he goes,

(with darts of love from his wanton eyes).

What has been my offence ?

Why doth he not heed my plaint ?

His indifference is a death agony to me.

The morn is come,

The rose of dawn is blown ; and

All are filled with hope.

My only hope is a kind glance

Shot from his wanton eyes.

bedardaḍ dādi cāni sūr ho sapadān
sōy lay māṭṭhayo myāni yāro lo lo

silāh gañjām ālam ṇaṇjām
gañjām sīṇa-sipāro
har tāri āshkāne mē soz vāyāy
suy soz mōṭhuyo myāni yāro lo lo

Mājnūn khaṇāv Nājdake bālo
trāvān ashine ṇālo
Lāl ho āyisay sōrmā ta sāzo
thōd vōthu myāni mahārāzo lo lo

āyēs bo nīrith shokā cāne
cārith vuchimay bumay
mē koṇchmay cē lōḡayo
Rumārēshun āy
dāy kāmī dyutāyo
chay nā pherān māy

O Heartless One,
 The fire of thy love is burning me,
 And thou hast ceased to requite my love.
 I girt on a sword
 And a breastplate I donned,
 I wandered about the world in search of
 thee;
 (But thou wert to be found nowhere, Love).
 I tuned all my heartstrings for thee
 And thou hast turned indifferent to the
 tunes of my love.
 For La'ila Majnūn climbed the hills of Nejd,
 Shedding copious tears:
 Thy La'ila has come bedecked herself to
 thee,
 Arise my Bridegroom,
 Come out to meet thy bride.

I ran away from home to thee;
 Thou didst knit thy brows
 And spurn my love.
 Who counselled thee to spurn my love?
 Still did I pray: "Long mayest thou live!"

cham lādan laṭi aki yiyinā
 haṭikuy vaṇḍasay rath
 rāvi ādan pādan pēmosay
 lati kava kārnam lath

vaṇakas vēsiye sōṇa cham gelān
 yēṇa yārI trāvnam karānI kath
 shēyi yār āsI-tan tūshtanī parāḷēn
 toti cham vōṇḍasay sath

—Arnimāl

as may vēsI myon hyū kas gav
 yēs gav masvali gōndur havāy
 robākhāṇa bihthay dārI-cas ṭhas gom
 zonum osh mā āṅgan çāv
 yār nay dyūṭhum vālinji ças gom

97

I have a longing keen:
 Were he to come but once,
 I'd shed my life-blood for him.
 I was a flowering creeper,
 O why did he trample me under his foot?
 Away from him, I fear me,
 I'd droop and pine
 and age in youth.
 I would entreat him to come,
 I would fall at his feet,
 (I am so held in thrall).
 My rivals laugh at me:
 Friend, whom can I tell?
 He is no longer on speaking terms with me.
 Yet long may he live
 and give joy to my rivals!
 What sustains me is the thought
 that he is happy and well.

98

Do not laugh at me, friend.
 Who has been so miserable as I?
 Drunk with the sensuousness of youth
 And in my very prime,
 I have been deserted by my Love,
 Who is mad on someone else.
 Waiting for him in the front parlour,
 I heard a tapping at the window-pane,
 Methought the loved One had entered my
 courtyard;
 It was not he, and
 My heart within me sank.

100

99

sōṇa cham gelān kuni chum na melān
parzēn satī chum khelānī

āshkādādi sūr gav parbatā shelan
āshkacūr phōr balāvīrānī
āshkādod hani hani tani chum telan

—Arnimāl

100

zār vantas hā vēsiy
bāli rāh kyāh chumay
ārārost gaçhith rūdum nishi parzēn
nār gōṇḍanam yēna būzum
nishi parzēn chumay
taṇanay vēsi tamidādi chumṇa pakān an
mē chu taṇanā bāli tāhuṇd
nishi yār gōçhūmay

—Arnimāl

101

vōd ami kukile dil myon dōduy
hā kāmyū riṇdī būz myon ku kū kū
Lāli ta Mājnunī nardas giṇduy
trovun shash-paṇj pyos dukhāl
Lāli huṇd hāvasa dāvas lōguy

99

I find him nowhere
 And rivals mock at me—
 He is sporting with someone else.
 The fire of love burns mountain rocks to
 ashes ;
 The thief of love rifles the brave ;
 Every limb of mine smarts with the pain
 of love.

100

Convey to him my lamentations, friend ;
 What is my sin ?
 The Cruel One sports with my rivals ;
 And envy burns my bosom.
 O the pain it gives me !
 I cannot eat nor drink.
 I deeply yearn for Love ;
 Would that he were beside me !

101

The *kukil*¹ wailed :
 " Out of the fullness of love's agony I sang,
 The Reckless One heard my *ku ku ku*²
 But did not care."

La'ila and Majnūn played at dice—
 She threw six-and-five but scored only a two.
 She had staked her heart—and he won.

1. Turtle-dove 2. Coo Coo.

102

vuch tą vəsI yār myon çoluy
yār day səthāh molałuy chum
racām nāla tą vuchnam hóluy

102

hāy lātiy lolan gāymay mūri tay
māti yəstə trāvnam pārizān

taspatə āshəkh kəti gay mātiy
parzən sātI chum dən kiho rāth
kāhI zarə bo bāl mūhəniy pāmay zōratay

sətiy bëyi rūth buchnas yāriy
yiyinā vōndi shar nerəm nā
yim kāməki na zi rozān səriy
māti yəstə trāvnam pārizān

103

caməkān öbrətala vuzəməla zan drāv
āyi grāyi çhəyigəti karān zan āv
dothəphól kitha rūd nabənār barān
gəgərāyi karān çol zan vāv
nehəçəti anigəti mushnas shāman
mə bāli thovnam suy āmətāv

103

See, friend, my Love has fled;
I hold him dear, so dear;
I would embrace him
But he looked askance at me.

102

My heart has dried within me, friend,
Since Love treats me distantly.

Many are his lovers, mad on him;
He sports with them all night and day—
Can I endure envy's slow-consuming fire?

He was angry with me, again, so soon.
O I have been mauled by Love!
Will he not come?
Will my cravings not be stilled?
These loved Ones are never constant in love.

103

He shone forth like lightning from under
the clouds;
He came and went and came and went away.
He came like hail-stone raining down the rage
of the skies,
And he went thundering by as the storm
sweeps.
Amid the "torrent of darkness" he left me,
Young in years, to suffer the agony of love.

104

104

agnā gagana gayi gagarāyi
naba mañṣa nāṛa vuzamala drāyi
antan pī antan pī

āṅgan sānī phójmaç hī
çatith lāgas sheri
antan pī antan pī

105

rātas osum lava zan lārith
subahas prāvi kēṭṭa trāvith gom
babare caman ashi saganāvith
āshimót kava pashināvith gom
savāl kārI-tos hiy gaçhi chāvith

106

yānI hūri mē ṭūri çandun mōlūmay
tāmat çōlūmay yār vēsī
dapyom āgas bo roshi zāgas
lāgas bo sheri hī
vōṇḍakis bāgas poshāh phōlūmay
tāmat çōlūmay yār vēsī

—Arnimāl

104

Fiery thunders burst in the heavens,
And lightnings flashed across the sky;
Go, find me my Love.

My jasmine¹ is in bloom,
I would crown him with a jasmine-wreath;
Go, find me my Love.

105

All night long he was with me
Like dew on a flower;
The sun rose in the morning and he fled.
And since my wanton Love is fled,
Leaving me woe-begone,
I have watered my basil breasts with tears;
Will he not come and
Enjoy my jasmine-body?

106

Hardly had I, a budded houri,
Bathed me in sandal-oil,
When Love did flee from me, O friend.
Methought I would lie in wait for my lord
With Jasmine to crown his head—
In the garden of my heart,
A rare flower had bloomed
When Love did flee from me, O friend.

1. Lit. The Jasmine in our courtyard

arI-ni raṅg gom shrāvaṇI hiye
kar yiye darshun diye

ShamaśōṇḍarI pāman lājis
āmaṭāvav kotāh gājis
nāmaṭpāgāma tas kus niye
kar yiye darshun diye

kaṇḍa nābaḍa āradmutuy
phaṇḍa karith çolum kōtuy
khaṇḍa kārI-nam lūkan thiye
kar yiye darshun diye

suli vōthav saṅgarmālan
lāḷa çhāron kohan tā bālan
prārān chas bo taḥanze praye'
kar yiye darshun diye.

—Arnimāl

aḍa kar yiyamtay
baraṣay maḷarēv maḷarēv
cēyināsan mas cāvināsan mas

kami sōni hāvnas tan
kāli hay vuhuvnam
pēṭh saṅgaran

I was a full-blown Jasmime ; pining
 For Love I turned as pale as the *arni* rose ;
 When will my Love come to me ?

He exposed me to people's taunts,
 He scorched me with the burns of love ;
 Who can tell him what I feel ?
 And will he come to me ?

I offered him sugar-loaf and candy sweet,
 He enticed my heart and fled.

O wither is he gone ?

In the presence of strangers he mocked at me,
 And will he come to me ?

Let's arise while it is early dawn,
 And seek my Love

On hills and mountains high ;

I wait expectantly for him,
 When will he come to me ?

When will my Love come to me ?
 I will fill pitcher on pitcher with wine :
 Will he not drink to me ?
 Will he not let me drink to him ?

Up on the hill-side, the other day,
 He spoke harsh words to me—
 On whom has he set his eyes ?
 Whose beauty has beivited his heart ?

hali chus khañjar tay
tīr hay läynam
poshi pañjiran

padmāni adā kar yiyam tay
vadaṇas chum na çhēn
ōsh chas trāvān çāle çāle
mashi kar cham trahan
lashi nāra zājnas
myūlum ōsh tá an.

—Arnimāl

hā çhāla vēsī bo ti nay çālay
hālay halay añI-ton yār
lolaki bāzāra niyīnam dālay
masachiv yār myon yūrl añI-ton
ōlfata vājnas zulfata khālay
hālay hālay añI-ton yār

He has shot countless darts of love
 at my frail flowery breasts;
 Will he not come to me?

109

A *Padmani*¹ am I, yearning for Love,
 When will he come to me?
 My tears flow fast,
 My longing is keen,
 My anguish is deep;
 And can I ever forget?
 My love is a torch-wood flame
 burning my inmost bosom
 with its fiery leaping tongues.
 My sorrow knows no end,
 My tears know no break.

110

I will not endure his wantonnesses now,
 Friend, bring him soon to me.
 From the bazaar of love he fled,
 (amid the crowded joys of love),
 drunk with the sensuousness of youth
 and heedless in his pride.
 Love caught me in the meshes of his locks
 and moles,
 Friend, bring him soon to me.

1, A woman excelling in charms and character.

110

111

ruma ruma látiy kava chum mārānī
karinā son pāy āyēs nīrith bo
nehagaṭi çolmay Sēndavāva trāvith
tiy kas nishi hēka bāvith bo

gari bāl drāyēs sāmāṇa prāvith
kāmaṇī prārān lustum doh
pāman lājnas gom tambālāvith
tiy kas nishi hēka bāvith bo

—Arnimāl

112

dil hay nyūnam dyūṭhvan nāye
shilā day mushnas rūd kath shāye
gil zālā lāgith çolmay hāye
parzēv kamavtānī dyut-has dāye
shách myānī vānī-tos yor pheri nāye
dil hay nyūnam dyūṭhvan nāye

Friend, why does he want to kill me by inches?
 Why does he not feel concerned for me?—
 Counting no cost I left my home for him.
 In the black gloom of night he was gone,
 leaving me alone to brave the wintry
 winds of the Sindh¹!
 Whom can I bear to tell what has befallen me?

I left my home for him,
 bedecked and full of charms,
 And, full of yearning,
 I waited for him the livelong day;
 But he had enticed my heart and was gone,
 leaving me alone to bear people's taunts.
 Whom can I bear to tell what has befallen me?

Have you not seen him
 Who stole my heart?
 He has robbed me of my heart—
 Oh, where is he gone?
 Like a tern he caught me in his net—
 And he is gone, ah me!
 Who has poisoned his ears against me?
 Will you not tell him how miserable I am
 and make him come back to me?

1. A tributary of the Jhelum flowing through snowy mountains.

112

113

haçi lómnam nëndari haçi maçi
maçi maçaḇaṇḁ s̃anith gom
s̃on nyūnam raçi raçi
vunyūb k̃arith gom
vanta vēsI vōnI kus kas paçi

—(Arnimāl)

114

yār day lâtiye çhāṇḁon kate
bo mate taḥande gari drāyaso
trāvith çòlamay mẽ maṇz vate
vuch ta vēsI tas yārasuṇduy khōy
yār nay deshan pān mārā bote

115

vēsI paçh nay taḥandēn kolan
lolan muhI-tay phirI-to-ne
yēth bavaṣaraṣay keṇh nay tolan
yāni phōlI tharēn gul tānI baraḡay
s̃ōṇdar mā galan ta gōṇdar mā ḡolan
lolan muhI-tay phirI-to-ne

—Arnimāl

113

113

He pulled me by the wrist in my sleep,
And my bracelet pierced my arm.
He robbed me of all my gold
And left me, distraught and wild.
Say friend, whom can one trust?

114

Where shall we seek my Love, friend?
I left my home and hearth for him.
He has deserted me
ere half my life's journey is done;
See friend, how faithless he is!
If I do not find him, shall I not slay myself?

115

Friend, give no credit to his vows;
He ravished my heart and fled.
O can you win him back to me?
What endures in this fleeting world of ours?
As soon as flowers blossom, they fade away.
If lovely maidens died,
Who would care for handsome youths?

114

116

gāh sapadān trām ta gāh sapadan lōy
be-kolan sṭI thāvI-zina khōy
pataṭ pataṭ karyāmas yānI mẽ chótum mōy
hatagōr yār myon kath gare gav
shām chus zuluph tay subah yarasunduy rōy
be-kolan sṭI thāvI-zina khōy

117

sañzarāḥ mañzvati trāvnas shāman
khāman sṭI no thāvI-zina khōy
barbuka āyēs cākh dimaṭ jāman
guli-andāman khōtnam rōy
kyāh karā lājnas lolācan ta pāman

—Arnimāl

118

vuchtaṭ vēsI kahaṇde bo zāyēs
bāgaṇi āyēs kahaṇde tām
dohaṭ aki mālI-māji naḡra harshāyēs
shāharāc āsas vāḡas gām
sati dohI phīrith mālinēv anyāyēs
bāgaṇi āyēs kahaṇde tām

Now they become copper,
 Now they become bronze;
 Have nothing to do with those who break
 their vows.

I followed him till my hair turned grey:
 Which home has he chosen for the nonce—
 This Visitor of a hundred homes,
 This Inconstant Love?
 His locks have the darkness of evening,
 His face has the morning light.

On the wayside, at dusk, he left me forlorn,
 Have nothing to do with the light of love.
 My heart is bursting, my garments I'll rend,
 My Rose has hid his face from me.
 Ah me! I am become an object of taunts
 and scorn.

See friend, where I was born
 and where I was married!
 My parents celebrated my marriage
 in the city with great eclat:
 City-born and bred,
 into the country I was married; but
 widowed only seven days after,
 my parents had to call me back.
 See friend, where I was married!

doha aki shreḥasān¹ mālyun gayāyēs
 dekābaji kākāni diḥnam pām
 dēkarāḥ zēvunuy koṇa mōyāyēs
 bāgaṇi āyēs kaḥaṇde tām

119

kyā vanāyo mati kyā vanāyo
 yī gom pānas ta tī vanāyo
 lānyun nyāy chum ta tī vanāyo
 kyā vanāyo mati kyā vanāyo

bāgas myānis bādām phulayā
 ādana rāvas ta tī vanāyo
 kyā vanāyo mati kyā vanāyo

bāgas myānis ḥera phulayā
 veri cāni phōjma ta tī vanāyo....
 bāgas myānis gilāsa phulayā
 dilāsa diṭṭhamā ta tī vanāyo....
 bāgas myānis taṅga phulayā
 laṅga laṅga phōjsa ta tī vanāyo.

Once I went to my father's home,
 There my brother's wife¹ taunted me
 so bitinglly that
 widowed as I was, I wished
 I had died as soon as I was born.
 See friend, where I was married!

119

Can I tell thee, Love, can I?
 Can I tell thee what I suffer?
 I suffer the 'abysmal anguish' of Fate';
 Can I find utterance for my grief?
Can I tell thee, Love, can I?
 In the garden (of my heart)
 Hardly had the almond-tree (of love)
 blossomed out
 When Death "parted me from Love's caress,"
 And the blossom of love was lost for ever.
Can I tell thee, Love, can I?

'In the garden (of my heart)—
 Did the apricot-tree (of love) blossom out
 tended and watered by thee?
 Did the cherry (of love) blossom out
 fondly caressed by thee?
 Did the pear-tree (of love) blossom out
 in flambeaux of bloom?
Can I tell thee, Love, can I?

1. Lit. wife of a rich and fortunate brother.

1. Lit. I have a quarrel with my fate!

I am enmeshed in the tangled web of fate.

bāgas myānis ālica phulaya
lolaci karitham ta ti vanayo
kyā vanayo mati kyā vanayo

In the garden (of my heart)
The plum (of love) was in the flush of bloom
When Fate mocked at me,
(And thou wast gone for ever),
And a blight befell the bloom of love.
Can I tell thee, Love, can I?

PART III

120*

vóthu' hā bāgvāno
 nav bahāruk shān paidā kar
 phōlan gul gath karan bulbul
 tithuy sāman paidā kar
 caman vairān rivān shabnam
 çatith jāma paraishān gul
 gulan tay bulbulan andar
 dubārah jān paidā kar
 karī kus bulbulā āzād
 pañjiras mañz çā nālān chukh
 çā panāne dastā panānēn
 mushkilañ āsān paidā kar
 chi bāgas jāṇawar bolān
 magar āvāz chakh byōn byōn
 tihīndis ālavas yā Rab
 asar yēkhsān paidā kar
 agar vuzānāvāhan bāstī gulan hānz
 trāv zīr-o bam
 bunyul kar vāv kar gagarāy kar
 tuphān paidā kar

—Ghulam Ahmad Mahjūr

PART III

Arise, O Gardener!

Let there be a glory in the garden
once again!

Let roses bloom again!

Let *bulbuls* sing of their love again!

The garden in ruins,

the dew in tears,

the rose in tattered leaf—

Let roses and *bulbuls* be kindled anew with life!

Thy wailings avail thee not, O *bulbul*,

Who will set thee free?

Thy salvation thou hast to work
with thine own hands alone.

Birds of the garden are full of song

but each one strikes his own note—

Harmonize their diverse notes, O God,
into one rousing song!

If thou wouldst rouse this habitat of roses,
leave toying with kettle-drums;

Let there be thunder, storm and tempest,
yea, an earthquake!

bulbul vanan chu poshan
gulshan vatan chu sonuy

yēth sāni raṅḡa vāre
phōll posh vāri vāre
khōsh-bo tihānz çöpāre....

lājmaç phulay chē poshan
bāgan vanan tå goshan
bulbul vuchit chi toshan....

virI-kimI tå tēkabātane
suli āy jāy raṭane
lāgI tūrI jāma çātane...

sōmbul vanān bunaphshas
rūzith çå çhāyi chukh kas
van trāv bāg kun vas...

nāgan kōlan tå āran
joyan tå ābshāran
dyut soz navbahāran....

bāgan kohan tå bālan
nāran nayan tå nālan
kam raṅḡ gul chi khālan....

andI andI saphed saṅgar
devār saṅg-i-marmar
maṅz bāg sabz gavhar...

121

The *Bulbul* sings to the flower :
 "Our country is a garden."

In this our lovely garden
 Flowers bloom and bloom,
 Wafting abroad their fragrance.

See the flush of bloom
 In orchards, woods and glades :
 The *Bulbul* gazes fondly
 And has his thrill of joy.

*Virkim*¹ and *tekabatane*²
 Have early come to bloom,
 And buds are bursting everywhere.

The hyacinth says to the violet :
 "Why dost thou hide thyself ?
 Leave the wooded highlands,
 Come down to the fields below."

The spring has filled with symphony
 Fountains and brooks and hill-streams,
 Rills and waterfalls.

To fields, hills and open wolds,
 To hollows, glens and meads—
 What glow imparts the bloom !

On all sides pinnacles of snow
 Like marble ramparts stand
 Around a green emerald.

1. A sweet-smelling yellow flower which appears in early spring and is found on the high plateau of the valley—colchicum.
 2. a kind of marcissus.

bulbul karān gulan gath
bómbur yëmbarżalan path
kāshirI chi mast mascath....

Mahjūra des sonuy
bāgāh chu nuṇḍabonuy
ath lol gaçhi baronuy

—Ghulam Ahmad Mahjūr

122*

poshivana bāgac poshağöndârI-ye
grasI-kûrI nāznîn söndârI-ye
sörgaç Hīmāl Kāfac pârI-ye....

āzād vanaci poshethârI-ye
maşka-satI tûrI kâml bârI-ye
sathraṅg bakshî kâml raṅgarI-ye....

syódsāda jāma chuy shāmaşöndârI-ye
na zi chuy goṭa nay zârI-ye
kāça-zûni zan chiy kâla-öbrakI ṭharI-ye....

vanavani drāyakh pëth thazarI-ye
viginëv shābāsh kârI-ye
caṅgasāz vāyān chakhay didârI-ye....

çe ta khöji-bāyan chā barābârI-ye
çe gulan satI dilbârI-ye
khöji-bāyi trôparith dārëṭabârI-ye...

*The poem has been published in the original under the title,
A Country Less,

The *Bulbul* dotes on roses,
 On narcissus the bee,
 Drunk with the joy of his nativeland
 Is the Kashmiri.

Our nativeland, O Mahjūr,
 Is verily a lovely garden.
 We must love it dearly,
 We all must love it dearly.

122

Thou Bouquet of meadow flowers,
 O country lass, O sweet, O dear!
 Thou Hīmāl¹ of Heaven, thou fairy from Kāf²!
 Thou flowering creeper of the open wolds,
 Who has filled thy buds with fragrance keen?
 Who has given thee thy colours divine?
 Thy clothes are plain, O lovely loss,
 They have no lace nor frill of gold.
 Thy wayward locks of hair are like
 Black clouds that veil the *Katik*³ moon.
 Singing thou roamest the uplands above,
 And fairies thee applaud:
 Like the *didar* lark thou singest.
 Can *Khoja*⁴ women match thee?
 Thou roamest free among flowers:
Khoja women lie confined indoors.

1. Famous for her beauty in Kashmiri legend. 2. Caucasus.
 3. October-November. 4. Muslim ladies of the upper classes.

hayihāki ābā chay cashmā bārI-bārI-ye
 gārtac chay dilāvārI-ye
 sharmi cāni hūrav tāriph kārI-ye...

daji pēth vuchmakh thōd lādith nārI-ye
 lo lo karān lo-lārI-ye
 nari mā losay çūr kārI-kārI-ye...

guma-haçā shūban buma-vañjārI-ye
 chē karān gārath garI-ye
 hēsi mā rāvay mas-malārI-ye...

bulhavas may lāg gul-pākārI-ye
 āluçh yuth nay āvārI-ye
 cikacāv panunuy yinā rāvārI-ye

—Ghulam Ahmad Mahjūr

*123

kar çā phōlaham tå lo gulābo lo
 shar mē çalihēm tå lo gulābo lo
 vāri husnāci nav bahāras mañz
 kar çā phōlaham tå lo gulabo lo
 thari bāgas lolākēn camañan
 maşhk malāham tå lo gulābo lo
 guli lālas nazākī sāzā
 dāg çalihēm tå lo gulābo lo

*Chronologically it belongs to an earlier time.

Thy looks bespeak modesty;
 Thy honour gives thee unfailing strength;
 Thy bashfulness wins thee fairies' applause.

I see thee, thy sleeves rolled up,
 weeding the cornfield¹, and
 singing amorously.

Thy brows bejewelled with beads of sweat,
 Bewitch our hearts;
 Thou Pitcher of Wine, I fear me,
 Thou scatterest my wits away.

Be fast in faith, O lovely Rose,
 Let not langour or pride of charms
 Come in thy way of enjoying youth.

123

When wilt thou bloom, O Rose?
 When wilt thou fulfil my heart's desire?
 When wilt thou bloom, O Rose,
 In the garden of my beauty
 at the flowering time of youth?
 When wilt thou waft thy fragrant breath
 over the flower-beds of my desire?
 In the red poppy of my heart.
 there is a dark stain of despair:
 When wilt thou wipe the stain
 from the red poppy of my heart?

1. Lit. Art thou not tired with weeding the fields?

āshkapecān nāzanīn sarvas
 pān valāham tā lo gulābo lo
 yēth jismas tā ruḥaṣay yēkhsān
 titha ralāham tā lo gulābo lo

—Asad Ullah Mīr

çe begāna loguth bo devāna conuy
 çe parvā na myonuy bo parvāna conuy
 ça phōrmān kartam bo phōrmān conuy
 phiraynā bo zāh-ti jānāna conuy
 kārām āshkanis maikadas maigusārī
 ba-gardish vuchum cāshmi-paimāna conuy
 muçar kuñz kulfan ça karu vāsha zulfan
 yih sad-cāk dil myon chiyo shāna conuy
 ça chukh pākḥ bātin Rasā-jāvidānī
 chalan ahl-i zāhir chi dāmāna conuy

—Abdul Qudūs Rasā-javidānī.

I am a cypress, tall and lean:
 O Rose, when wilt thou twine round me
 thine ivy bonds of love?
 My body craves for thee and
 so doth my soul:
 I would, O Rose, thou didst make
 thy body and soul one with mine!

I love thee dearly: thou disregardest me.
 I flee¹ to thee: thou flee'st from me.
 What wouldst thou? Command, I will obey;
 Thy bidding I will do.
 I drank my fill at the tavern of love:
 I found thy wanton eyes bedew the cups
 of wine.
 Unplait thy tresses lovely;
 Rent into a hundred toothed rents
 (by the keen darts of love),
 My heart will serve thee for a comb.
 Thy heart is pure, O poet,
 What carest thou if they speak ill of thee?

1. Lit. as a moth doth to the candle-flame.

bāli çā vanta dilbaras
vāḍa panun vōfa kare
trāvi malāla hāvi rōy
thāvi kadam kathā kare

vasma kārith khañjar bumban
çāv ba-nāz dar caman
yāmbarzalan tā bādaman
phazaḷ panun Khōdā kare

raham tā ār chā yiman
saṅgdilan tā zālīman
zāni Khōdā kaman kaman
mānzi naman phidā kare

ami aṇḍāza āy sanam
tul mā nikāb çā dam-badam
baṇḍa paran sanam sanam
kābila tā K'abā kyāh kare

Azādas chu lolazar
tashna çe thovathan agar
vuchta su ālāmas aṇdar
tāza kayāmathāh kare

—Abdul Ahad Azād

Friend, plead with my Love :
 "May he keep his word,
 forgive my offence,
 come to me,
 stay awhile and
 talk to me!"

See how airily he comes into the garden,
 his arched eyebrows dyed!
 God help the poor narcissi—
 fair damsels almond eyed!

Mercy and pity they have none—
 these cruel and pitiless ones.
 God knows how many hearts he sets on fire
 with the henna flame of his finger-tips.

Lift not thy veil so wantonly
 (let not thy glory be seen);
 Lovers will cry, "O Love! O Love!"
 forgetting both God and world.

The fever of love consumes Azād ;
 And if thou dost not fulfil his desire,
 He will raise a hell,
 regardless of all restraint.

bālī su hay chu be-vōfā
 myon amār kyāh kare
 sorāṇanis mōhabatas
 zor tā zār kyāh kare
 nār yēmis hētun manas
 vār ti chus nā vanānas
 nālā dinas tā veh khēnas
 vanta su ār kyāh kare
 nāz chi vāri mañz calan
 tāzā gulan tā sōmbulān
 yāri vanan tā rāyilan
 poh tā hār kyāh kare
 nera bo sīna dārī dārī
 zindāpān mārī mārī
 tīr-kamān cārī cārī
 mīr shikār kyāh kare
 poshi caman chi dar khumār
 bādi sabā chu be-karār
 nēndrihatēn aṇdar bēdar
 ākharkār kyāh kare
 Azādas chu lolātab
 bālī hurān chu roz-u-shab
 zāni Khōdā su tashnālab
 lolābēmār kyāh kare

—Abdul Ahad Azad

All vain is my love :
 He is faithless,
 His ardour is abating;
 All vain is my lamentation.

My heart is on fire :
 Can love be told ?
 But shall I not cry,
 Shall I not slay myself ?

The new-blown rose and the hyacinth
 need tending in the garden :
 Be it the heat of *Har* or the frost of *Poh*,
 what cares the Himalayan spruce ?

I'll go forth, my bosom bared,
 prepared to die:
 What care I how tensely-drawn
 is the bow of the archer of love ?

The morning breeze is restless, but
 the flowers are dozing in the garden:
 All vain is love's restlessness
 where there is no response.

The fire of love burns Azād
 all day and night;
 God knows what he, athirst for love,
 may do, out of despair !

yāṛadāde yāç dōvum
 tāpay dōdum tālyun vēsī
 hāṛamāsay Lāṛa āyēs'
 kōt lājis Shālyun vēsī

suli vile gari drāyēs
 Tulamulice mālaye'
 Lasajanay dōh mẽ lūsum
 buthi pyom Shālyun vēsī

shā ta dāh sāmāna parith
 çhētā kārnas vētā bāl
 nāḥakay vāriv bo āyēs
 gom kōt mālyun vēsī

pōñ āsith yēkh baneyēs
 zambavāṛaki chambā bo
 yēkhakhānas kar pēyam vōñ
 tāph rēṭakālyun vēsī

yī vōvum tay tī bōvum
 nāḥakay dōvum ðorēn dajēn
 piṅga vāvī vāvī soṅta
 hardas shol chā lonan vēsī

* Chronologically it belongs to an earlier time.

1. Var. harl-masay Larl-pasay. 2. Var. Tulamule suli drayas
 Kakaporaca malaye

Far and wide I roamed for Love:
 In the blazing July sun
 I left the cool comfort of Lār¹,
 I strayed into the Shālyun² waste.

At early dawn I left my home
 drawn out by love of God.³
 Not far from home⁴, my path grew dark,
 Desolation⁵ stared me in the face.

Rich in youth and charms and gifts⁶
 I came to my husband's home;
 My ardour cooled at his neglect—
 O where is gone my father's home?

I was a merry brook,
 flowing frolicsome and free;
 But I froze at the glacier steep—
 O when will the bright sunshine
 thaw my icy captivity?

Whatever I sowed, I reaped:
 All fruitless was my fret and fume.
 Whoever sows tares in the spring,
 How can he in autumn reap the wheat?

1. A village, 16 miles to the north of Srinagar. 2. Till recently a waste tract to the south of Srinagar. 3. Lit. Tulamula, a sacred Hindu shrine. 4. Lit. at Lasajan, about five miles south of Srinagar. 5. Lit. Shalyun waste. 6. Lit. the usual sixteen ornaments.

aṇḍi kar dōkh kaṇḍi huṇḍuy
 zaraḱotah zar ta josh
 adōre maṇḍori lōdmuṭ
 dār arkhālyun vēsī
 dōr adōr bozun vēdōr
 rozun chu pāzIkinI paṇanas
 nār prath dāras chu
 kāyur āsI-tan yā lyun vēsī
 bavaṣaraḱis mēvazāras
 bulbulan zāh ɕuh na phal
 lolācav tas ālicav rōṭ
 raṅg gōrdālyun vēsī

—Lachman Bhat Nāgām

128

māṛamati tārum kaṭhinēn tāran
 prārān chasayo bāl
 yitā ditā darshun ōsh chas hāran ..
 vupa chum āṇḍarī reh kava ɕhoran
 zālith ɕani kāritham
 kala pēṭha ɕhat kād lolāki nāran

ɕhēṇa yēṇa goham tana chas gājmaɕ
 zūn zan dara lājmaɕ
 ānI saṇḍI-pāṭhI chas vatapādI sāran....

hradayiki Wōlārāki pamposh phōlImaṭI
 bōmbaṛav vōlmūṭ nāl
 cānī pūzi kitI posh chas ɕhāran...

When will the miseries of the body end,
and the fever and fret of life?
This unsound mansion of the body
is built of *arkhur*⁷ wood.

Soft or hard—would it matter
when the deeper truth be known?
Fire burns all woods,
*Lyun*⁸ and *kayur* and all other kinds.

Of this world's orchard
Bulbul tasted not the fruit:
Disappointment turned his red cherry
into the pale-yellow wild plum.

128

Lead me across the shoals of life, O Lord,
I await Thy lead,
O come! I cry, I weep.

The fire of Thy Love is burning me,
Its fury has lapped me in flames,
How can it now abate?

Away from Thee I wait and wane
like the westering moon;
Away from Thee I stumble and grope
in the dark like the blind.

In the lake⁹ of my heart, lotus has blossomed
and bees are swarming;
I am gathering the flowers of love
to lay at Thy feet.

⁷, A soft, thorny tree; fig. cactus. 8. 'lyun' is hard to burn while
kayur, blue pine, is easy to burn.
⁹, Lit. In the Wular of my heart. Wular is the biggest lake of Kashmir.

āraṇval hish chas barā zan gāmaç
 garaḱun drāmaç kal
 yāvun çöl çěph diç lōkaçāran...

vānI-vānI vana-vana kunIzānI drāyas
 çay patā saḥasañdI-pāṭhI
 yāndrāyi hūnI hēth patā-patā lāran....

maḍano az natā ada kar lalavath
 hraḍayuk vupḥavun praṅg
 Sēndabāṭhi vatharay kulI-shēhjāran....

--Dayārām Gōñjū

129

suli phōlakhā gul-i āphtābo
 saḡanāvath dōḍake ābo lo
 con raṅg kāmI gamaṇay kōrmuṭ zard
 tamī gaṃakuy chuy tabāṭābo lo
 chuy sīnas kami kīṇa gomut dāg
 kavā zardī chay harda bronṭh pemaç
 barā gaçḥanas chuy iztirābo lo
 āphtāb votuy bar sar-i koh
 darā doh lōg kari kyā Wahābo lo

—Abdul Wahāb Hājīn

I have turned pale as the *arni-rose*,
 My youth and charms are fled—
 I long to come home to Thee.

In the bewildering jungle of world's allure-
 ments,
 I hunt Thee alone as a lion doth his prey
 with the hounds of my senses in hot pursuit.

When, O when, shall I rock Thee
 in the winged cradle of my heart?
 When, O when shall I receive Thee
 face to face, at the cool tryst of love¹?

129

Thou hast blossomed early,
 O Sunflower.
 I will water thee with milk;
 I will tend thee lovingly.
 What sorrow has turned thee pale?
 Dost thou too bear an anguished heart?
 Dost thou too bear envy's dark stain?
 Why hast thou turned pale
 before autumn's inevitable decay?
 Why dost thou "haste away so soon"?
 The sun is about to set
 behind the mountains of the west, and
 The poet is growing anxious
 for his journey on the morrow.

1. Lit. At a cool shady spot in the Sind Valley.

130*

bāzI kārtham bāzIgāro
 lõkacāro lo lo
 be-vasā be-yetibāro...
 thóvtham na yékhtiyāro
 hāvItham sōṇakoh
 vuchI mẽ tim az saṅgakhāro...
 navi vuchmakh nav bahāro
 hyāç mẽ poshān bo
 gul chi vunI-kēn kândI ta khāro...
 ādI osukh RāmbI-āro
 yīṛavālān koh
 chiyy vōthān vunI-kēn gubāro....
 āy Wahāb be-yetibāro
 chuk çā mārān çoh
 kharcī rāh kar keñh tayāro...

—Abdul Wahāb Hājin

131

vōnum āran bā chus lāran
 yi yāvun chum dōhan tāran
 diluk taskīñ chus çhāran...
 mẽ āgur trov chus dorān
 mẽ soz-o sāz chā morān
 chu sāz-e zindagī āran....

* Chronologically, it belongs to an earlier time.

O youth, thou hast deceived me :
 Thou art a deceiver, and
 "in faith never fast."
 When I was young, thou didst make
 mountains glitter like gold:
 Now I am old, and
 they are just rock and stone,
 When I was young, thou didst make
 flowers bloom in the springtime:
 Now I am old, and
 they are just thorn and weed.
 Only the other day,
 it was a mighty hill-torrent,
 driving along boulders in its fury:
 Soon the flood is past, and
 its dry bed raises a cloud of dust.
 O poet, thy life won't last,
 Thy pleasures won't endure,
 Think of thy long journey ahead.

The hill-stream goes a singing:
 "I come dashing along
 To find my haven of peace,
 (While I am young and strong,
 For youth will not endure.
 "I gush forth from my source,
 My flow doth not abate.
 I feel a zest for life,
 Life ever doth urge me on.

mě chā prārun mě chum· çhārun
 kanēn pēth khūn-i dil hārun
 sukūñ nāyāb hushyāran....

mě khāmī cham javānī cham
 karān ham ham bā chus bam bam
 guhar paidā chu damdāran....

māhītas sātī gaçh vāsil
 diluk taskīñ banī hāsil
 dil-e ārif guhar hāran....

—Ghulām Hasan Beg

thari posh ōn kati, kândī āsī mā vati
 yora vónmas ora asān chum

tul khama hardakizora poshan,
 khēyi dilan tas grāy
 vód ālaman ati...

khōt pān poshan, byol phālis çāv,
 hēçan vath
 zulmāt mañz vati....

lāb zindaḡī poshan,
 māshith gav byol dar zulmāt
 shāh athachānī ati....

"I splash along my way,
I strike the rocks, I bleed,
I do not rest, I strive;
Vigilance knows no rest.

"I am yet young and wild,
I fret and fume and roar;
It is the silent deep
That bears the priceless pearl.

"In the ocean vast,
One finds one's haven of peace."
This is what Arif¹ says,
These are his precious gems.

132

I said to the flower:
"Where dost thou come from?
How dost thou crown the spray?
And what thorns come in thy way?"
The flower smiled and said nothing.

I said: 'In autumn cold cruel winds blow
and scatter thy leaf;
Thou dost strike the tent on thy unknown
march with pangs of separation in thy heart;
The whole world shares thy grief.

"Then thou dost hide thyself
in a grain of seed, lying underground.
Soon the sprout shoots forth,
While the seed lies in the dark beneath,
lying where kings are soon forgot.

1. The Poet's pen-name

hamsāyi poshas çhāy tay kändI,
 zar t̃a jigaruk dāg
 bāsIti yihay ati....

os gönci, sapun posh,
 banyov mēva, kārīn vīh,
 prath raṅga çay āti,
 yor̃a vōnmas or̃a asān chum

—Ghulām Hasan Beg

133

neri vēsiye lālā mā dūre
 tambalovnam hūre pān

māji zāyas khaṇḍa kōstūrī
 āmī dōday dyutnam sag
 yihōy pān goṃ rāh musāfire....

masvali bāgas doṭh pyom phulāye
 çenū pāno bram samsār
 laṅji hōchi tay mēva kyuth nere...

drāyi kukilā hālī mādānas
 sō chē karān Gū-vēṇḍa Gū¹,
 sō ti lājmaç vālāvāshi hure...

"But thou dost bloom and bringest light and joy
among Shade and Thorn and Heartache—
It's among them that thou must live.

"Thou wert a bud a moment ago,
Thou art a flower now,
And, a moment hence, thou wilt blossom
out into fruit—

How many forms thou dost change,
And yet behind all forms thou art the same!"
The flower smiled and said nothing.

133

He has enticed a *hourî's* heart—
Come friend, let us run after him
Lest he should fly away.

A mother's darling I was born,
fed on milk and sweats:
Now I am plodding on my dreary way,
unfriended and alone,

A hailstorm blighted my garden bloom,
It withered the blossom and fruit-tree
boughs—

Illusive have been my hopes and joys—
Can my withered boughs yield any fruit?

(I was) a *kukil* (who) flew forth in the fields,
free and sweetly cooing,
And lo! was entangled in a snare.

yārI loynam zāviji mūre
 pūçi cōtnam pātI ańzul
 gachā mālyun su ti chum dūre....

yānI khāças yāvaṇaṇi gure
 tānI zazarıy vólnam nāl
 balāy zazarıs t̃a zazarını t̃are...

134

yim zār vaṇahas bardār
 karsanaṇ su yār boze
 yā tuli khañjar t̃a m̃are
 na t̃a s̃āni shabā roze

mas dyutnam kalāvālan
 chivārāvnaṣ akiy pyālan
 chum dūri rūzith zālan
 karsanaṇ davā soze

kyā mati gōy myon kīnay
 ātashi bōrtham sīnay
 āshakh kamisanaṇ dīnay
 mārūn ravā roze

I am (helpless and disgraced like) a woman
 Who is whipped with a stinging switch,
 Whose headgear¹ is torn by her lord and love,
 And who would in her parents' home
 protection seek,
 But it is far away and she can't go,
 I was in the flower of my age
 When decay entwined me with its withered
 stem—
 A curse upon premature decay and the cold
 shivers it gives!

134*

At his threshold my wailings I would utter,
 O when will my Love listen to me?—
 I would that he did slay me,
 Or else requite my love.

The Brewer of love gave me a cup of wine,
 A single cup made me delirious and drunken,
 I could not contain myself for joy;
 But now he keeps off and causes me pain—
 O when will he give me another draught
 of the wine of love?

Love, why art thou angry with me?
 Thou hast filled my breast with the smart
 of love.

Is it fair to let me suffer and die²?

1. Lit. Silk fringe of a part of headgear.

2. Lit. What religion allows the slaying of the lover?

*Chronologically it belongs to an earlier time.

bihith khalvath khānas
 mushtākh pānay pānas
 āshakh mañz vārānas
 māshokh tanhā roze

bulbul bihith bā gul
 mushtākh az gul bilkul
 nay rozi bulbul tā nay gul
 akh lolā kathāh roze

kyā mati kārItham sitam
 Nāzim chu prārān yitam
 chus tashnā darshun dītam
 yīn dam nā pagāh roze

—Abdul Ahad Nāzim

masvalan kiç dūr hēth
 . drāmut bā chus bāzāriye
 keñh vōṣālI keñh nīlI
 keñh göläbI keñh anāriye
 shūbarāviv dūrākan
 husnas tā lolas çoh diyiv
 jal yiyiv keñçhāh niyiv
 keñçhāh diyiv sodāh hēyiv

Alone, in a lonely tower,
 The beloved sits, unconcerned for love;
 While the lover roams desolate plains,
 Will the beloved keep aloof from him?

The *bulbul* nestles close to the rose,
 Doting on it and deep in love;
 Soon the *bulbul* and the roses die,
 Only a memory of love remains.

How cruel thou hast been to me!
 Athirst for love, I am waiting for thee,
 O come and show thyself—
 This hour won't last,
 Tomorrow brings another day.

I have ear-rings to sell,
 Some red, some blue, some pink;
 Let Love and Beauty meet
 To make the most of life.
 Come buy, come buy. come buy.

* Love's Pedlar.

shūbavani zāvill tā ävill
 masta āndari zotavani
 tāhāndi lolay ānimati chim
 asnakhēn dyāran kani
 jal yiyiv zan бага-babarēn
 nāga-didaray hish pēyiv
 jal yiyiv keñchāh niyiv
 keñchāh diyiv sodāh hēyiv

lolake dūkāna ānim
 husna-bāzāras kanakh
 shokh yas yas āsi hēn
 jal jal mōkalāvith chānakh
 bālapānas lolakī sogāth
 shūbān chiv niyiv
 jal yiyiv keñchāh niyiv
 keñchāh diyiv sodāh hēyiv

kyāh vanav tāsir kyuth
 dyutmut chu dūran kōdratan
 dōn bēzānēn dil nivan
 aki grāyi tambālāvan chu man
 dūr hēy-ve raṅga raṅgay
 dūr hay chiv dūr chiv
 jal yiyiv keñchāh niyiv
 keñchāh diyiv sodāh hēyiv

I have ear-rings to sell,
Precious and pretty and fine;
Beneath the flowing hair
They shine as jewels do shine;
They cost a winsome smile.
Come buy, come buy, come buy.

When amorous springtime comes
Round basil *didar* larks flock:
In their prime of youth
Let maidens flock to buy
These lovely ear-rings.
Come buy, come buy, come buy.

They are Love's offerings,
They are for lovely maids,
They have a mighty charm,
They lure the lovers' hearts.
Ear-rings, my ear-rings!
Come buy, come buy, come buy

moka chu azkal zarā nāzI-dikh
 yithI dūray hēnuk
 harud vātith shokh rozyā
 bulbulan çoh maranuk
 lol zāliv roshi roshe
 kath kāriv nābad khēyiv
 jal yiyiv keñchāh niyiv
 keñchāh diyiv sodāh hēyiv

—Nand Lal Ambardar

136

sumran pananI diçānam
 premuk nishāṇa vēsiye
 račrun tōgum na rovim
 osum na bāṇa vēsiye
 vālinji mañz thavun gōch
 hāvun thōvum athas pēth
 rāh kas chu, kōr mē pānas
 nōkhsān pāṇa vēsiye
 hāvun chu rāvarāvun
 cāvuk samar chē khāmī
 thāvan zi chāva bāpath
 bānan chi thāṇa vēsiye
 yanā suy nishāṇa rovim
 tanā maç gāmaç tā phalvā
 nyun hyōn na keñh ti, pherān
 chas vāṇa vāṇa vēsiye
 vēsrun panun vanas kyā
 buth mā samēm dōhas thī
 kunI zānI timan vatan mañz
 gachā kōt shabāṇa vēsiye

Make haste to buy ear-rings,
 This is the time to buy:
 This is the time to love;
 Soon autumn will set in
 When flowers fade away
 And love is soon forgot.
Come buy, come buy, come buy.

136

Friend, He gave me a love-token
 in memory of our plighted troth.
 I did not keep it safe,
 I did not prove worthy of it.
 I should have lodged it in my heart,
 But I kept it open to vulgar gaze,
 And brought about the loss myself—
 who is to blame for my loss?
 Showing is losing, friend,
 Impatience leads to imperfection:
 The kettle must be lidded tight
 to cook the rice on the boil.
 Ever since I lost the love-token
 I've been distraught and wild:
 I cannot find the like of it
 though I go about from shop to shop.
 How can I explain my remissness,
 My slips and falls and going astray?
 How can I face Him in the day?
 And yet I cannot go to Him, alone,
 in the dark danger-infested night.

yaçh paçh ma hār byākḥā
 hēth yūrī vāti kāñchā
 tas chā kāmī nishānan
 bārī bārī khazāṇa vēsiye
 dōlan kohan vanan mañz
 sholan chi gulshanan mañz
 zotan chi tarākan mañz
 kātyāh nishāṇa vēsiye
 vēsrith dālith pathar pēth
 buth kyā dimav tāmīs nish
 pōt pheraṇakī pakan chā
 yithī hī bahāṇa vēsiye
 mānav zi āsī hēmav pōt
 choryā tasuṇd muhabath
 paivaṇd yi āḍanuk chā
 shurī dosātāṇa vēsiye
 dil phuṭī-maṭēn chu toshan
 yaç gārī-maṭēn chu roshan
 gaçh vārī-maṭēn Sōdāman
 praçh gāyibāṇa vēsiye
 āndī-pākhlī tāti chu āsan
 bōḍabrōr Sūrādāsan
 bozan chu māy lāgith
 lolakī tarāṇa vēsiye

--Zinda Kaul

137*

yāraṣaṇde dādi dōdmuṭ dil
 bahāras kyā kare

Friend, do not lose faith,
 He will send thee another token;
 His treasures are full,
 Has He any dearth of love-tokens?
 In the forests thick, on mountains high,
 In the flush and bloom of gardens gay,
 In the scintillation of the stars—
 Thou canst find thy love-tokens.
 Thou sayest: "How can I face Him
 after many slips and falls?"
 But these pretexts will not avail
 to turn away from Him;
 For we may turn away from Him,
 but will He let us go?
 And is our eternal troth a child's friendship,
 soon made and soon forgot?
 Never fear, He is kind to the meek in spirit,
 He does not favour the proud of heart!¹
 Thus hath it been with Sudāma of old,
 Who, meek in spirit, won His love;
 Thus is it with him who, like Sūrdāsa,
 Mid world's dark distractions turns to Him,
 And sings His songs of love;
 Whilst He, unknown and unseen,
 Quietly listens, sitting by.

137

The flowering spring comes mockingly to her
 Whose heart is dead for want of Love's caress.

1. Lit. The sophisticated.

vāv yōdvay soñt-kāluk āsi
 nāras kyā kare
 kāñsi prārān dāri pēṭh yus
 vāñsi trāve dāri ōsh
 ābāshāruk tas havas kyā
 Shālāmāras kyā kare
 kāñsi palāzun kāñsi huñd zavar banun
 yas yōḥ nā lāñI
 sōñ banāvāñ sañgipāras
 tas bicāras kyā kare
 hoshi dājmaḥ joshi vāḥmaḥ
 poshi gāhnan toshi kyā
 roshi yas ḥōl osh trāvith
 goshivāras kyā kare
 Kālīdāsas tālikāñI path kālī
 vōñmut gāṭṭālēv
 tālī'an yus log zālas
 gāṭṭājāras kyā kare
 lolāmas zālēm ṭā gālēm
 yas budith mālūm gav
 bīmā nashike trāvihe mas
 con, khumāras kyā kare
 rañg hāvith bram ḍivāñ os
 kahvacan khōṭ myon sōñ
 āñI kōḍus āñdryum khōcar nōñ
 lolā nāras kyā kare

The spring breeze blows soft and cool,
 But it fans the flame of a heart that is on fire.
 She who waits in vain for her Love's return
 And, pining, drowns her eyes in tears,
 What desire hath she to see the garden bloom¹,
 What desire to watch the fountains play?
 Philosophers' stone turns all metals into gold;
 But what availeth it to her
 Whom Fate has not destined to be her lord's
 ornament,
 Whom Fate has destined to pass lonely days and
 nights?
 What need hath she of ornament²,
 Whom Death has parted from her lord and love,
 Whose ardour is cooled and youth faded away?
 We have heard it said of old:
 Kalidāsa had to suffer ignominy untold—
 All vain is genius to him
 Whom fate and misery hold in thrall.
 Now that I am old, I realize love's wine lights
 up a flame of all-consuming fire;
 Fain would I give it up,
 But can I suppress the craving for it?
 In the crucible of love dross melted away from
 gold, and I was exposed;
 The artificial gilt of my base metal can no
 longer deceive the touchstone.

1. Lit. Shalimar garden. 2. Lit. *Dijharoo*, worn by all Kashmiri
 Panditanis in token of nuptial bond.

dāli nimāhas bālayāras
 ōr tā shōd pāthēm nā dil
 chēnI-mātis yath dāgdāras
 nābakāras kyā kare
 bronṭhā chuy yāç krūṭh mānzil
 gāphilo bas kar mā zeth
 yas mātis māgas jigar shāhlēv nā
 hāras kyā kare—

—Zinda Kaul

kōrum yi tāṭhI, kyā vanas
 thōvun nā bākI māṛanas
 sō rum chē maṇā-āyinas
 yi kōr nā kānsi dushmanas

sōrum su lālarōkh manas
 jalāv lōg kazal vanas
 phōrum su nār khārmanas
 lōgus nā keñh ti zethanas
 dilas hyótun, jigar tatēv,
 shor vōth zi nār hā

—Zinda Kaul

I would offer my heart to Love,
 But it is not pure nor whole ;
 With its rents and stains of shame
 What use can it be to him ?
 O Heedless One, stay,
 Thy journey is arduous and long ;
 The fire of thy heart was not quenched by the
 frosty winds of *Magh*,
 How canst thou bear the blazing heat of *Har* ?

138

Words fail me : how can I tell
 What my Love has done to me ?
 'T's he has brought me down,
 It's he has slain my heart
 And caused me the agony of death,
 It's he has broken the mirror of my heart—
 Could any foe do me worse ?

When the flaming image of my Love¹
 filled my heart,
 It lighted up a big blazing fire in the dark
 forest of my breast ;
 The fire spread far and wide within, fanned
 vigorously and quick,
 And burnt all that was there, fondly
 treasured by me.
 The heart took fire,
 Its fiery tongues caught up the liver !
 And all who saw did cry :
 "Fire, ho ! fire !"

1. Lit. Flame-Face.

vadihe manush, cāyihe na ōsh,
 vadaṇas vuchun tāsīr kyā?
 hārith āchivkinī khūn kyā?
 chāvith palan sātī hīr kya?
 būzith zi bozān chum na kānh
 phārī-yād karnac zīr kyā?
 lāyith nabas yim tīr kyā?
 majbūriyā! lācāriyā!

mōr āṇa ānay chus maran
 bōchi tārī treshe povmut
 dādēv khurēv bāçav shurēv
 phikirav gamav hōbrovmut
 yim gam çalith hātī hāvaṣan
 māçrovmut vēsarovmut
 kunipēṭh khēvān thak chus na man
 kath-tanī-kun chus hovmut
 rut deṣaṇay rut zāṇaṇay
 çhārān çu kyā-tām rovmut
 mas nāndri mañz chukh covmut
 naphsaṇī ta shokac—khāriyā!

Man would weep,
He would not gulp down his tears;
But what availed it him to shed his tears?
What availed it him to drop blood from his
eyes?
What availed it him to beat his head against
a rock?
Knowing that none heeds him,
What drives him on still to sue for help?
What drives him on to shoot his darts at the
void?
What compulsion! what helplessness!

Man—momently dying:
By hunger, cold and thirst oppressed,
By disease distressed, by worry harrassed,
By fear and want and woe subdued.
These sorrows o'er, by a hundred desires
beguiled,
His unsteady mind, not finding rest in anything
here,
Still craves for a Something, though unknown,
The Good not seen by him, nor known by him,
He yet would find as something lost, which he
possessed before—
Like one who wakes with a memory dim
Of the taste of wine he had in a dream.
What misery—between want and desire!

kartām kāmI-tāmat bōnā
 pōtçhāyi dūre ðyūṭhmut
 sānēv kanav suy būzmut
 sānis dilas suy byūṭhmut
 tāmI-suñd chu vōñI durēr zārith
 suy zonmut chus rūṭhmut
 goshan gupith zan byūṭhmut
 lolas chē bālI bemāriyā!

yāmI dūri rūzith çūri zan
 phambāh lādith thōvmut kanan
 zānh chā praçhān ahvāl son
 zānh chā sōran, zānh chā vanan,
 “yim kālagaṭi mē trāvmaṭI
 lāgith chamban chāran vanan
 ammā timan gayi kyā vanan?”
 husnas nā keñh gamkhāriyā!

dapahāv manas, “yēs raç nā sreh
 tāmI-sañz diyī phal vīr kyā?
 vyōd mā ti chuy mā pay-patā
 labanuk karakh tadbīr kyā?”
 man chus na mānan pōt açun
 (vāvas karav zāñjīr-kyā?
 tas te vuchav takhsīr kyā?
 chā lol yāraphtāriyā?

Someone (they say) descried from afar
 The sheen of His halo, in another time.
 This our ears have heard,
 This our hearts have believed;
 And we pine for Him
 As for our Love offended and displeased,
 Who has fled and hid himself in solitude.
*Lovesickness for no reason,
 Lovesickness nought availeth.*

Keeping aloof, in concealment far away,
 To all entreaties deaf,
 His ears (as if) stuffed up with cotton wool
 Does He ever enquire for us?
 Does He ever think of us, ever ask: .
 "Whom I have cast, mid darkness black,
 On precipices steep, in forests thick—
 What has befallen them?"
Beauty's wanton indifference.

Man pleaded with his heart:
 "He has no love,
 Why sue to Him?
 Will a willow tree yield thee a pear?
 Knowest thou the path that leads to Him?
 What means of approach canst thou find?"
 But his mind—would it listen?
 Would it turn back?
 (And who can chain the wind?)
 And how is mind to blame?
Is love an idle fancy?

pananuy kanan mañz chusa sadā ?
 chus nāphā pānas nish khāṭith
 lārān chē ammā rūsl-kāt
 parbat tā van trāvith ṇātith
 lārān tithay-pāṭhin chu dil
 athākhōr trāvith āchI vātith
 mushkhā yivān chas yāraṣaṇz
 lāmI lāmI kaḍān chas sōy rātith
 sūrith ākis vāstas aṇdar
 bēyi mānṇa chas nerān phātith
 shamāhan yāmis hov dūri pān
 pāmpur bihā dāman vātith ?
 tas patā yi māṭI māṭI neri nā
 sath akālihāndI jamah ṇātith ?
 (yōdvay āchiv nish chus khāṭith)
 chā husn jodūgāriyā ?

hārāniyā ! lācāriyā !
 naphsaṇI tā shokāc khāriyā !
 lolas chē bālI bemāriyā !
 husnas na keñh gamkhāriyā !
 chā lol yāraphtāriyā ?
 chā husn jodūgāriyā ?

Is the sound in his ears the echo of his Self?
 The musk-deer chases the musk,
 Within him lodged but hidden from his sight,
 Running as only a deer can run
 Across the hills and wilds.
 So recklessly and fast
 Runs the heart of man,
 Which scents out his Love.
 It will not let him rest,
 It still must lead him on
 To see Beauty blooming here,
 And Beauty blooming everywhere,
 Inexhaustible and rare!
 *When the candle shows its flame,
 Can a moth lie still, unconcerned?
 Rending Reason's garments seven¹
 Will man not follow up the scent?
 (What matters if the Musk be hidden from his
 sight?)
Is Beauty a 'vain illusive show'?
What bewilderment!
What resistless urge!
What misery—between want and desire!
Lovesickness for no reason;
Lovesickness nought availeth;
Beauty's wanton indifference.
Is love an idle fancy?
Is beauty a 'vain illusive show'?

1. Five Indriyas, manas, and buddhi.

140*

zuv chum bramān gaḥḥāḥā bo tor
 yāti sārivaḥ day monmut
 kun dātā mālīk māj mol
 khōkhā-bāṭī tārakh vigni yach
 trāvith, barān tāsi ot lol
 bakhti prāyam sīvā dayā
 shōd dharam mānan ḥōṭ tā mōṭ
 yāti dīsh vōth, zal thal vēshāl,
 an pan tā phal mad gēv vōphūr
 dyutmut dayan tim bāgrān
 khēth chukh ḥarān, zānan nā ḥūr
 bechun maṅgun thaph lūth har
 zānan nā, chukh santūsh sham
 kenḥ kānsi nishi yaḥī ḥōr nā kam
 byāsuṇd vuchith ālphas nā bam
 yāti kāmkoṭ sārī karān
 path chakh seṭhā rozan mōkal
 gindan gēvan lekhan paran
 yāti kānh nā vadānāvān shurēn
 yāti dīviyay mānān trāyan
 yaṭi kūr gōbras khōṭa ṭāth
 yāti nōsh nā kānh karmas dayan
 aḍa kyāzi trāvan zaharā dah
 aḍa kyāzi pēn asmānā bam
 vani vāri āngan jāyi sāph
 ārī pān sōndar nuṇḍabānī
 koṇh mā kōkārav kiñ kōkor
 sōṛanay nā naphsun vor vor
 pashinuk nā vōsh, vadānuk nā shor
 Karānāvi, tārakh nā apor! —Zinda Kaul

* A selected fragment,

I long to go
 Where all have a living faith in God—
 One, Loving Father, Lord of all—
 Where ghosts, genii and spirits dark
 hold no sway over men's minds;
 Where love, service and charity
 is the simple and supreme rule of life;
 Where lands are vast and all have room to live;
 Where food and fruit and milk abundant
 And all the good things of life, are shared by all;
 Where all have enough to eat, and none too
 • much;
 Where none covet and steal their neighbours'
 goods,
 None beg, none dispute, none envy;
 Where all have work to do and none are idle,
 And those who work have time
 for play and study, song and fun;
 Where all are happy, and children do not cry;
 Where women are respected as goddesses divine
 Where daughters are loved as dearly as the sons
 Where none is a widow;
 Where disease and ugliness and evil ways of life;
 do not stunt and warp the growth of men;
 Where wars are unknown, and the skies serene;
 do not rain down poison gas and savage death;
 Where dwellings are clean and gardens lovely;
 Where none suffer from want and fear;—
 To that City Beautiful,
 Ferryman, lead me and my countrymen!

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